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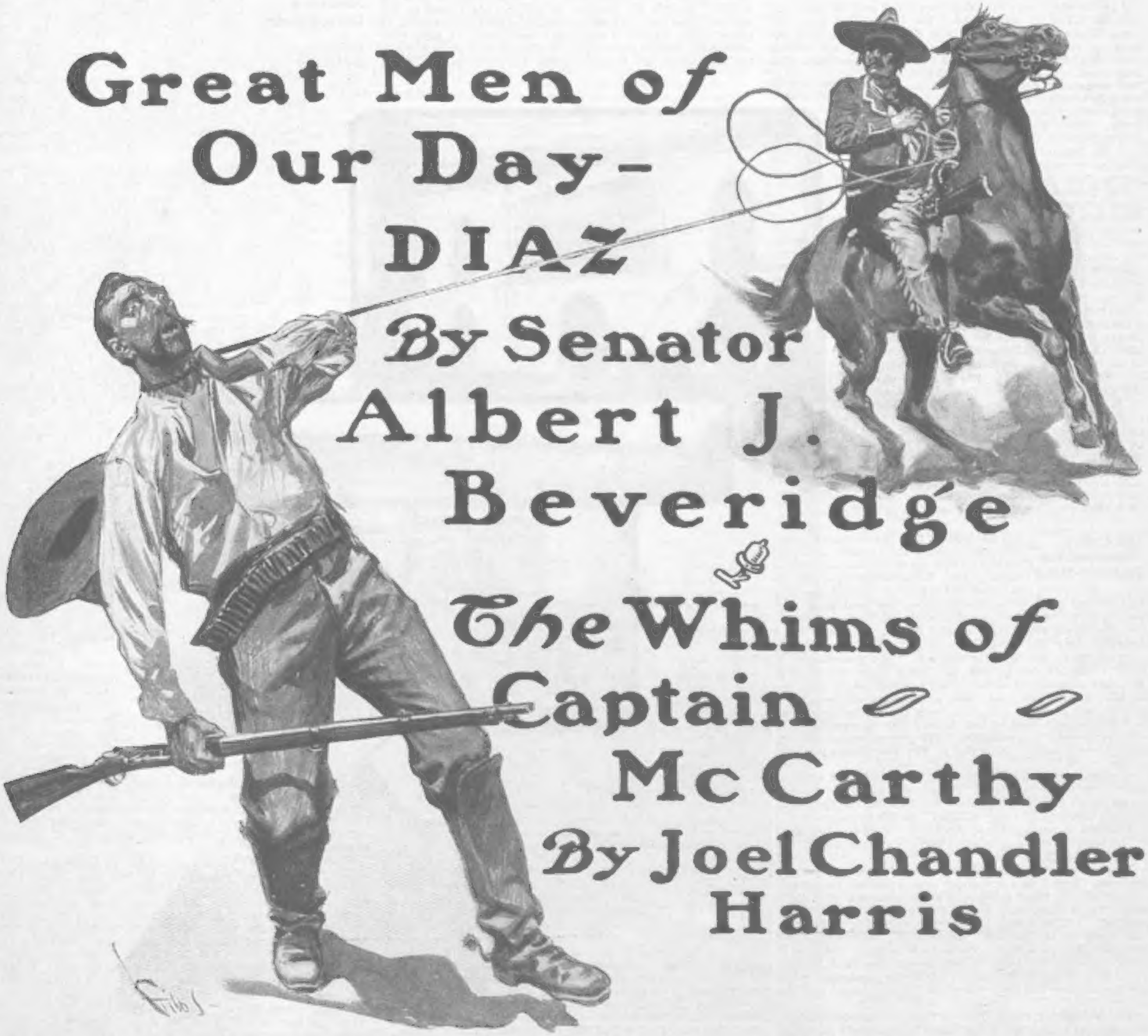
Great Men of Our Day—

DIAZ

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge



The Whims of Captain Mc Carthy

By Joel Chandler Harris

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

GREAT MEN OF OUR DAY—DIAZ
By Albert J. Beveridge

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THE three great dreamers and achievers of to-day are, strange to say, of three different bloods on three different continents, at almost equal distance from each other's field of execution, and each separated from the others by one of the great oceans. Porfirio Diaz dreamed, not as Cecil Rhodes did, of expansion, but of the needed work of his country and people: consolidation. What he has achieved is known to all men, for his work is at our door. A homogeneous, prosperous and happy people welded out of fragments; a systematized, continuous, strong and just government forged out of insurrections, revolutions and brigandage; roads built, thousands of miles of railway constructed, mines opened, drainage, irrigation, public buildings, telegraphs rapidly extending to every nerve centre of the Republic; this in less than half a lifetime is the work of Diaz. It is worth while, is it not?—this establishing of things; this setting up of order, this enthronement of law, this strong hand in the interest of civilization.

I said a while ago that great men differ only in degree—they are all of the same kind. The qualities of Diaz and Cecil Rhodes are so nearly alike that you could shift the name of either to the deeds of the other and his friends would not be surprised to hear of those deeds associated with that name. That fascinating old biographer and romancer, Plutarch, wasted his time when he tried to draw a distinction between the great men of antiquity. There is no such thing. There is not only a monotony, there is a uniformity, even a unity, of qualities.

If the Indians whose blood flows through Diaz' veins could name him in their own picturesque way, they would call him, I am sure, "The Unsubduable." He is over seventy years of age, and for half a century he has been fighting—fighting to make good the dreams that troubled him. His early vision was that glad vision of all sensitive youth, the dream of liberty. Impossible, do you say, that this absolute autocrat who pretends to be the head of a Republic but is really its dictator, was ever a devotee of liberty as we understand it? Yes, and more, too. He was a Lafayette in his earlier days. He had all of the high ideals, but he came to believe what George Sand announced, that "there is one thing even more valuable than liberty, and that is justice." His ideals were changed by conditions, which gradually made it clear that the Mexican people were doomed, and that Mexico itself would be a perpetual inferno unless order, public and private security, and all of the results and *substances* of just government were established. So he set himself to that, and here is Mexico with more progress to her credit in half a century than any other country in the world, except the United States, Japan and Russia, in the order named.

The Poet's Vision and the Soldier's Mind

Let us look at this heroic figure, then, who has wrought thus hugely and permanently, who has *done something* really worth while. What kind of a personality is it that has achieved the nationhood of Mexico and, with the vision which we are wont to ascribe only to poets, and in contempt at that, has laid the foundation for future amalgamation with the United States?—for Diaz has done this thing in making the English language compulsory in the Mexican schools! Two generations, if Diaz' ideas are carried out, will have made the English language as much the tongue of our neighbor as the Spanish, as Diaz himself has said; three generations will have made English the common speech of daily life in the revitalized and regenerated land of the Aztecs; four generations will witness a social intermingling; five generations a knitting together of peoples. And then! The reasoning of events is irresistible.

A gentleman of wide observation, himself of great achievement, said to me one day: "These large conceptions occur to all men; only one in many millions carries them out, because only one in many millions has the nerve to do it."

Emerson in some place or other says something like this: "The measure of a man's nerve force is the measure of his possibility of achievement."

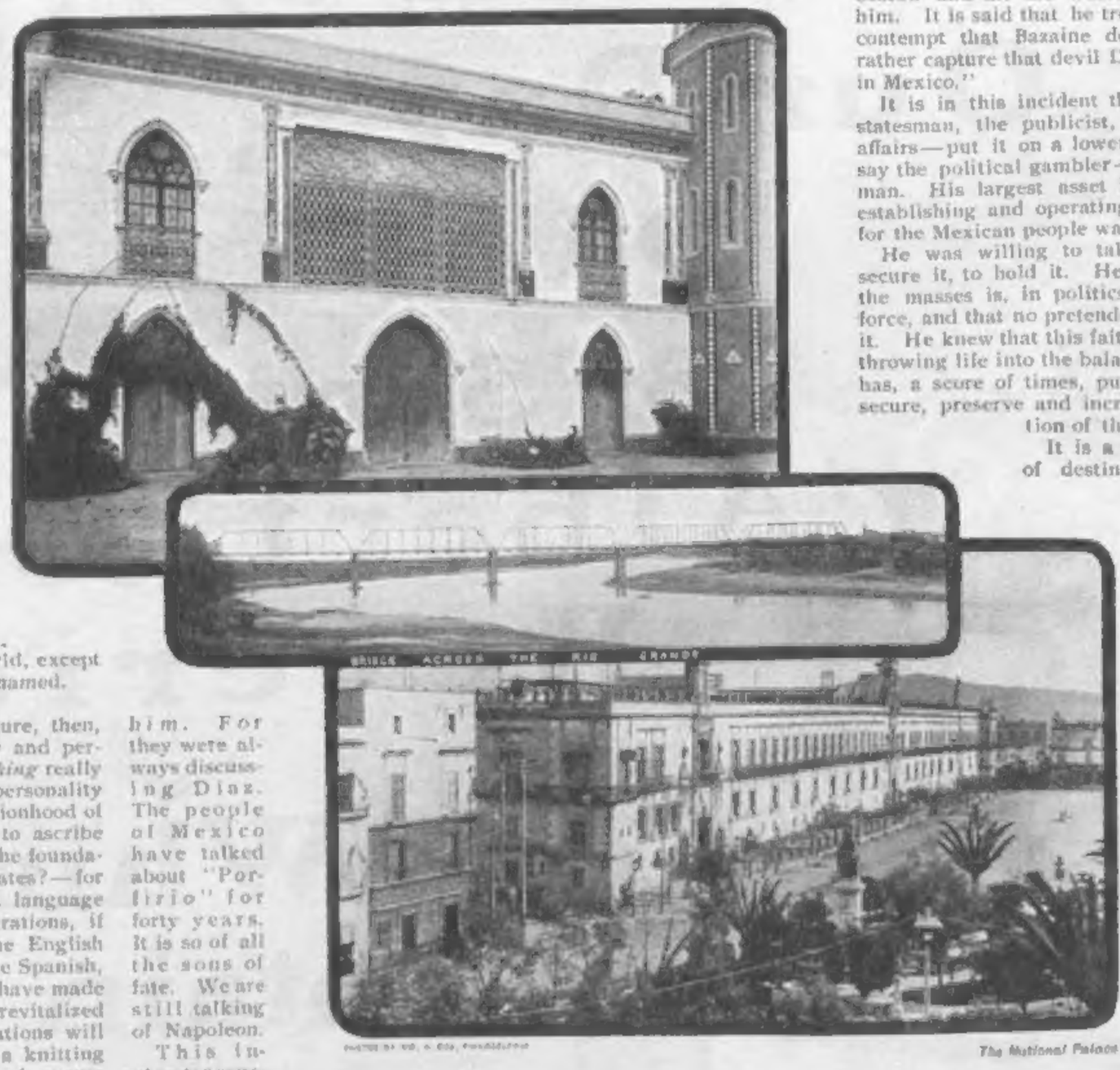
When his nerve force fails he no longer crosses the Rubicon. I read in a newspaper some years ago, in a letter by one of the great newspaper correspondents, that "the man who at thirty will scuttle a ship, at sixty will rule a nation." I think it was "Gath" who said this, and that he was speaking of Bismarck. Undoubtedly he had the same idea that Emerson had. The man with such audacity is charged with nerve force enough to last him until he loses his head at last, like Raleigh, of whom the people said when the executioner had done his work, "How much blood the old man has!"

The astonishing thing, then, in Diaz is precisely the thing we ought to expect, the thing which is absolutely necessary to the understanding of any masculine task, to the carrying of any strenuous syllogism to its conclusion, and that is the quality which we call nerve, courage. In the defense of Oaxaca, Diaz was severely wounded, but would not give up the immediate command. He lost so much blood that he could not stand, and nearly fainted; still he would not give up, but was borne about from place to place on the shoulders of private soldiers; his intellect as clear as his will was supreme, giving commands, encouraging the men, directing this, that and the other, until finally he won the day. And this was fighting in the open, not behind fortifications.

I think a novelist would hesitate a long time before he would dare carry a character through such a series of desperate hazards as Diaz passed through in beginning the revolution against Lerdo.

The stories are old; but most inspiring stories are old. He captured Matamoras, but could not make headway to the south by land. "Very good," said Diaz, "there is the sea," and at once took ship, disguised, for Vera Cruz. He was recognized by the soldiers on board. Capture meant the failure of his plans—he preferred to take his chances with the sharks. He did not hesitate an instant, but leaped in the waters of the Gulf, infested with those ferocious carnivora of the sea. The captain of the vessel saved him. I have read somewhere that he lay for a week in the hollow place beneath the seat where his former captors daily sat and discussed him. For they were always discussing Diaz. The people of Mexico have talked about "Porfirio" for forty years. It is so of all the sons of fate. We are still talking of Napoleon.

Private residence of President Diaz



The National Palace

This instantaneousness of decision is a quality of all great men, whether soldiers or merchants. Every king of affairs I have ever met in this country was and is instantaneous in decision. Their intellectual processes are lightning-like. They say that Napoleon would stop a man who was making a proposition before it was half announced and give his answer.

The Lightning of Genius in Diaz' Acts

The life of Diaz shows that this lightning of genius plays in his brain. It is not that these abnormal mentalities do not as carefully consider their decision as do slower and coarser minds. Their consideration is as thorough, but more rapid. There are few men so really shallow as those who attempt to lend weight to their conclusions by deferring them until the conclusions of other men have been announced, adopting what seems to be the majority view, and looking wise in the meantime. It is such men who, when at the head of great affairs, placed there because of inoffensive mediocrity, lose the fortunes of nations and peoples at great crises of history.

Diaz, the unsubduable! Yes, and Diaz the unpurchasable and incorruptible, too. It must be true that there is in the veins of this man a strain of the blood of the old Aztec Emperors—not of the later Montezumas who were content to wear a crown, look solemn and bewail the falling fortunes of their people, but of those earlier heroes who established those fortunes and set their now forgotten dynasty in the seats of the mighty. When Napoleon III put Maximilian on the throne of Mexico he would have made that Empire permanent, but for Diaz. The French and Austrian troops occupied all the important towns. Nearly all the leaders of the party of liberty and the Republic made terms with the great Intriguer. The Government was in actual operation; the Empire was established. Yes, and it would have remained established, too, but for Diaz. They could subdue everybody else—but never Diaz. They could purchase with gold or titles or official sinecures nearly everybody else—but never Diaz. He fought and would not be bribed.

The Largest Asset in a Great Career

General Bazaine offered him the position of General in the Imperial forces, and even more brilliant considerations were said to have been suggested; but what was all that to Diaz? He was reduced to the position of a guerilla fighter; but he held sweet and pure the faith of the people, and that was a more valuable consideration, in itself and in his large designs in the future, than all the decorations the Empire could bestow and all the wealth it could shower upon him. It is said that he treated the offer with such contempt that Bazaine declared that he "would rather capture that devil Diaz than all the guerillas in Mexico."

It is in this incident that we first perceive the statesman, the publicist, the scientist of public affairs—put it on a lower basis if you wish, and say the political gambler—in this really wonderful man. His largest asset in his life's business of establishing and operating a Mexican Government for the Mexican people was *the faith of the people*.

He was willing to take desperate chances to secure it, to hold it. He knew that the faith of the masses is, in politics, a perfectly irresistible force, and that no pretender has ever yet acquired it. He knew that this faith of the people was worth throwing life into the balance to secure. And Diaz has, a score of times, put his life in jeopardy to secure, preserve and increase the faith and affection of the Mexican people.

It is a poor player of the game of destiny who is not willing to risk his life, his fortune and all but his honor. The fascinating thing about the mighty men of all ages is the apparent recklessness with which they hazard life and fortune. More than of any man living to-day, this is true of Diaz. Some half-dozen times he has been captured and imprisoned, and on two or three occasions, I believe, condemned to be shot. It is said that at one time he managed to escape only an hour before the time of his execution, and that, too, when he might have had his liberty by merely giving his parole. But Diaz has never yet feared; he has never yet been subdued. Twice when captured he has been offered his liberty if he would simply agree to fight no more during the particular disturbance in which he was then engaged. He refused any and all terms.

Some two or three years ago a party of Americans while visiting Mexico were entertained by President Diaz. One afternoon, when taking them through the National Military Academy at Chapultepec, he showed them how he had escaped when captured at Pueblo by General Forey, of the French Army. The party were in the gymnasium of the Academy, where the cadets were exercising. Presently an athletic youth climbed a rope, thirty feet to the ceiling, hand over hand, and then slid slowly down to the ground. To the surprise of all, President Diaz said he could perform that feat, and in an instant had laid off his silk hat, and was going up the rope like a professional gymnast. He was soon at the top, but instead of sliding down he made a sailor's stirrup and came down gracefully and at will. At that time he lacked only one month of being seventy years of age.

It was thus that he escaped from Forey, who had captured Diaz only after the latter had charged the French forces again

and again, until his own men, with a very few exceptions, were all killed and Diaz himself was taken. He was at once put in a strong room nearly forty feet from the ground, and was so nearly exhausted that he sank fainting. The guard, therefore, left him for a short time, during which Diaz revived, and when the guard returned, sprang upon him, bound and gagged him with rope which he had torn from the bottom of his bed. Diaz then put on the guard's uniform, and taking his gun, marched the beat over which the guard was stationed. He procured another rope, and, fixing it and making a sailor's stirrup, descended, as he illustrated to his American friends at Chapultepec. Hundreds of shots were fired at him, but he had the luck of the brave and was not hit.

He has all and more of Rhodes' tremendous insubordination. His life shows him to have been perfectly unhappy, as well as not altogether competent, except when he has been in supreme command. It is the way such men have. Read your life of Washington again; you will be astonished to find that he was never happy and never highly successful except when wielding the supreme power, at least at the time of his successful action.

Diaz a Man of Constructive Greatness

Like Rhodes, too, Diaz has been possessed of the devil of impatience. He has been as restless as the storm and as purifying. Imperious, dominating, autocratic, commanding, there is not in Diaz, in Rhodes nor in any of the monumental characters of history any of the Uriah Heep kind of greatness. There is such a greatness as that, the greatness that argues and parries and proceeds by sinuous courses, silent and smooth, but never noble, never elemental, never constructive, never enduring. It is the difference between Richelieu and Mazarin; between Washington and Burr; between Napoleon and Talleyrand; between Peter the Great and Machiavelli; between Bismarck and the French schemer he crushed; between the doer of deeds and the creator of things on the one hand, and the plotter of plots and the schemer of schemes on the other. It is the first who found nations and secure the liberty of peoples; it is the second who lose or destroy what these first achieve.

Diaz is over seventy years old, and he has therefore probably been what the world at the time called "defeated" more than any man now living. He has suffered more reverses, has been "wiped out" and has been generally "done for" more times than any conspicuous character in the world to-day. But, like Rhodes, Diaz never knew it. There is something almost like fate in his persistence. He has reappeared as inevitably as the seasons; and so, in the course of decades, men have come to understand that Diaz is indestructible, and that, his destruction being out of the question, the best thing is to make terms with him. The result is Mexico as we see it to-day.

His courage, his decision, his dominating nature, his resources, have never been better illustrated than in his treatment of national problems after his election to the Presidency. He had three great fundamental difficulties to overcome—the conquest of two of which appear to me to be the most considerable work of any politician of the last quarter of a century.

The first was his conflict with and conquest of the priesthood. The priesthood were wealthy. Their possessions were far the greatest of any interest, or any hundred of interests, in the Republic. Their organization, from the Rio Grande to the southern boundary, was perfect. Their influence over the people was such as religious teachers only could have. Diaz attacked them boldly. They were denied the right to vote. Monasteries were turned into barracks, property was confiscated. All temporary power was wrested from them with a fierce energy. When we remember that Diaz was as ambitious for reëlection as any politician who ever aspired to his first office, when we reflect upon the wealth and power and enormous influence of the organization he attacked, we can better appreciate his magnificent audacity.

Clearing the Country of Lawlessness

His next obstacle was the bands of brigands throughout Mexico. No one will ever know how many of these highwaymen Diaz has destroyed in fight or by execution, but a good authority places it at more than four thousand. I have been told by a witness whose credibility I cannot doubt that Diaz finally called into the capital the leaders of all remaining bands, giving them his honorable word that if he and they did not come to some agreement they should return to their mountain fastnesses unmolested. Diaz never broke his word; they knew that, and they trusted him and came. Diaz is reported to have said: "You are playing a losing game. You are making no money by your unlawful occupation, and you are bound to be killed within a year or two. You are brave men, good horsemen, well armed. The Republic needs just such a force for its mounted rural and mountain police, and as a nucleus for what I intend to be the best cavalry of the world. Now figure up how much you and your men made in the palmy days of brigandage and let me know what it is." The chiefs made an estimate and told it to Diaz. It was about $28 a month. "Very well," said Diaz, "I will pay you and your men as much as you say you have received, and you will serve as mounted police and cavalry soldiers and agents of the Government. Where you have robbed you shall protect. You shall ride your horses as you have done heretofore, but in the service of the Republic; you shall use your guns as you have used them heretofore, but in the execution of the law. You may refuse, if you wish, and go back to your men, but if you do, I will hunt every man of you and every one of your followers remorselessly to his death. What do you say? Will you be my comrades and servants of the Republic, or its enemies and mine?" They became his servants, and laid the foundation of perhaps the finest single body of horsemen in the world to-day, outside of two or three Italian regiments and some of the regiments of the Czar.

And this is how Diaz treated the little great men of the various States who had been plaguing Mexico with perpetual revolution. "Come in under the Government," said he, "and you will be its agents in your States, if you show the ability and popularity; if you do not, you can be a private citizen or a rebel. If you rebel I will execute you." And there were no more revolutions, no more pronunciamentos, no more provincial disorders in Mexico. Diaz had done what Richelieu had wrought in France, and what Rudolph had accomplished in Germany, and what, in a different way and with different men, Washington and Hamilton and the great band of constitutionalists accomplished in this country.

And so he made his Mexico. He knew that it was not to be held together by talk or threats, or even force, but by commerce, by making the people well acquainted with each other, by destroying provincialism, by the postal service, the railway, the making of roads, the supplying of a common money, the establishment of common schools, the binding of the nation together by the iron rails of trade, by the wires of communication, by the interchange of ideas, and by the growth of a great pride in the nationhood, and a great loyalty and love to the man who made it, and who represents it. This has been the final work of this master soldier, statesman and man. A single illustration will show the working of his mind and the breadth and profundity of his policy. At the outset he declared it was necessary to have railroads; and to get railroads it was necessary to give subsidies. So he announced this wide-open proposition: all who applied could have a franchise to build a road, and a guarantee of a subsidy when it was completed, without any inquiry as to their responsibility. He went on the plan that those who were able to build the roads would get the subsidies, and those who were not would not get them. It was the simplicity of greatness.

President Diaz

Fables for Grown Folk

By Barry Pain

I

AN ELDERLY giraffe, born in foreign parts, was in the habit of entertaining with his conversation a large captive-bred baboon. By agreeable persiflage and well-chosen anecdote he did much to relieve the tedium of off hours in their menagerie life. The baboon, silent but singularly accurate, would listen for hours to tales of what would have been his native land had he been born there.

"I have referred on previous occasions," said the giraffe one night, "to the tropical forest, where the sun can scarce penetrate and the gayly-colored paroquet and the less attractive jackal are to be found at their innocent gambols. Would you not like to hear now something of the desert?"

The baboon nodded his head.

"The desert," said the giraffe, "is composed of sand. Some deserts are furnished also with a neat and convenient oasis, an arrangement of palm trees and fountain singularly grateful and refreshing to the weary and parched traveler. Others are provided with a mirage, an ingenious optical delusion, but, judged by the hard test of results, of no practical value. Others again are without either of these annexes and may be considered as vast plains of sand, extending, as a general rule, over a space greater than the whole of this island where at present we are being exhibited at prices sadly incommensurate with the pleasure and instruction that we provide for the young. An alligator of my acquaintance once attempted to cross one of these deserts. He took his chance of finding an oasis; but as it happened this desert was all sand, pure sand, and nothing but sand. I would not harrow the feelings and depress the spirits by recounting all the agonies that the alligator endured from thirst; suffice it to say that a point was reached when he knew that in another hour he would be dead for want of water. The point to which I wish to call your attention is one which has a curious psychological interest. Unable to endure the suspense of waiting the approach of death, the misguided reptile anticipated the decree of Nature and committed suicide."

"How?" asked the baboon.

The giraffe cleared his throat to gain time, and then murmured, with a pathetic look in his eye:

"Drowned himself."

And then no sound was heard but the snapping of the bars of the cage by the justly incensed baboon. A moment later the air was thick with shreds of decentralized giraffe.

MORAL.—*Never begin to tell a yarn until you see your way to the end of it.*

II

THERE was once an almond-eyed Princess, of great beauty, considerable wealth and average principles. And when the time drew near that she should be married she bade her Grand Vizier bring before her her suitors, that she might hear what they had to say, at the same time not binding herself to accept the lowest or any tender.

When the day came there were but three who had the courage to step forward and urge their claims. The first was middle-aged and portly and spoke after this manner:

"Princess, if you will be mine, I will give you the finest palace in this country, and the largest diamond and the fleetest horse."

The second was younger and would have been nice-looking if he had not had a shifty eye.

"Princess," he said, "if my suit finds favor with you, I will do all that this merchant has promised; and, moreover, by a private arrangement between the Court physician and myself, I will succeed my father as King, and you shall be my Queen."

"Number Three," the Vizier called out, and very shyly the third man stepped forward. He was very young and as beautiful as a young god.

"Oh, Princess," he said in a rich and fruity voice, looking around absent-mindedly for the lime-light, "I have no treasure to offer, nor power nor title. Only an undying love."

There was a faint trembling on the violin strings; the musicians, being used to Oriental stories, had expected something of the kind. The Vizier spoke: "Oh, more than diamonds! Oh, sweeter than power! Higher, far higher, is love undying. Love that——"

"I wish you'd sit down and not talk like a back number," said the Princess. "Number Two wins, of course."

MORAL.—*The highest feelings are sometimes the farthest out of reach.*

III

IN THE garden of an aged and rheumatic chartered accountant (who has nothing to do with the story) there grew a proud rose and a poppy side by side. The rose was tended and pruned and watered; nobody heeded the poppy. If they had heeded it they would have taken it by the neck and thrown it out. It was a common and self-sown poppy; some people would have thought it of no value. They would have been right first time.

One dry day the poppy permitted itself to remark, "Oh, if they only would water me, too!"

"Why should they?" asked the rose. "I am beautiful in color, graceful in shape, delicious in perfume. You are cheap and gaudy and untidy, and you smell badly, and there is no wear in you."

The poppy was on the point of inventing one of those humble but pathetic answers that are so common in fables, when a passing wind took most of the poppy's face along with it.

POSSIBLY NOT MORAL, BUT QUITE TRUE AND FREQUENTLY OVERLOOKED.—*The braggart sometimes speaks the truth about himself, and humility with no other concomitant merit is not necessarily triumphant.*

The Whims of Captain McCarthy

By Joel Chandler Harris

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I

COLONEL ALBERT LAMAR, of Georgia, who was secretary, or clerk, of the Confederate Senate at Richmond, used to tell his intimate friends that the mystery of Philip Doyle was one of the few things in his experience that had kept him awake o' nights. Those who have followed the course of the preceding narratives will remember Mr. Doyle as the obliging gentleman who was kind enough to afford Francis Bethune an opportunity to run his neck into a halter. This mystery, briefly stated, was this: Given the fact that Mr. Doyle was in the employ of the Federal secret service, how did he manage to obtain an important position in one of the departments of the Confederate Government?

It should be remembered that up to the moment when one of Captain McCarthy's clerks in the New York Hotel interpreted the cipher dispatch which had been intrusted to young Bethune, there were but two men in the Confederacy who suspected Mr. Doyle. One of these was Colonel Lamar and the other was John Omahundro, who, while acting as one of Jeb Stuart's scouts, was also connected with the Confederate secret service.

Doyle seemed to be high in the confidence of the chiefs of the various bureaus, but Colonel Lamar soon discovered that this impression had been produced by Doyle himself, not alone by his attitude and manner, but by his general conversation. Inquiry also developed the fact that none of Doyle's superiors knew anything about him beyond the fact that he had managed by some means or other to secure a position to which were attached few duties and a very comfortable salary. Colonel Lamar, who seemed to be always taking his time, was one of the most indefatigable of workers. His easy-going and genial manner was a cloak to a temperament at once fiery and untiring. Step by step he pushed his way back through various channels of information until he found that Mr. Doyle had been appointed on the recommendation of a firm of London bankers which was not so prominent in the financial world then as it is to-day. Of course this firm had connections with Wall Street, just as it had with all the money centres of the world. But the problem that presented itself to the mind of Colonel Lamar was this: why did this British firm desire to have Mr. Doyle appointed to a position which was a very responsible one even if its duties were light?

Now, the present writer has no intention of uncovering and parading in print the various interesting facts which this investigation brought to light. The details do not belong to history as it is written. Almost without exception, since money became a power, the real politicians in all ages and countries have been and are the leading financiers. Since the dawn of civilization, history has been made up of conclusions and deductions that are not only superficial but false. Your true historian will be the man who is fortunate enough to gain access to the records of the most powerful financial institutions of the various nations of the earth.

The great political leaders of the world who have not been dominated by the financiers may be numbered on the fingers of your hands—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and a few others. This is true, not because politicians are corrupt (though many of them fall in that category), but because the financial interests of the world are more powerful, and in the minds of a majority of men, more important, than all the superficial issues of politics. Thus it is that parties, political contests, wars and all great movements are so manipulated by the master minds of finance that neither the beneficiaries nor the victims have any notion of the real issues that have been contended for, or the results that have been brought about.

These manipulations do not constitute, they are the origin of, history, and it is only occasionally that they may be said to become obvious. Sufficient has been said to indicate why the facts and names which yielded themselves up to the pressure of Colonel Lamar's energetic investigations cannot be made public. It should be said in Mr. Doyle's behalf that he himself had no actual knowledge of the real interests he was serving. He had very genuine feelings of patriotism—those feelings which cool heads and master minds find it so easy to take advantage of. He was heartily for the Union, and, in addition to that, he was ambitious to rise and shine in the service to which he was devoting himself.

Indeed, it was his personal ambition that destroyed his usefulness at the Confederate capital. He had a great deal more adroitness and dexterity in his profession than has been indicated, but he was anxious to attract Mr. Stanton's attention, and he supposed that something sensational was necessary to that end. The trap he laid for Francis Bethune would have succeeded beyond all question if his scheme had provided against such a contingency (for instance) as Mr. Sanders. In the nature of things this was impossible, for the reason that the personality of Mr. Sanders was unique. Nor could Mr. Doyle provide against the swift suspicions of John Omahundro. Nevertheless, when all his energies were aroused, Philip Doyle was a very shrewd and capable man.

The morning after Bethune and Mr. Sanders started on their journey he got hold of a piece of information that seemed to him to be of the utmost importance. Quite by accident, he learned of the bureau of the Confederate secret service which had its headquarters in the New York Hotel. Careful inquiry in the right direction enabled him to procure a list of the officers and employees serving this bureau.

Now this was information of the first class and Mr. Doyle deemed it of sufficient importance to justify his prompt retirement from Richmond. He was delayed for several days by urgent business, but, as we have seen, he arrived in Washington on the night that President Lincoln insisted on having himself kidnaped. The next morning his presence became known to Omahundro, who carried this information to McCarthy's lieutenant at the Federal capital. The day after, this advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of a New York daily paper:

"To Terence Nagle, late of Augusta, Georgia: Jack sends this message to Mack. Fix up the house for company, and be sure the dishes are washed clean. The web-patterned doylies should be well laundried. Jack."

This advertisement appeared twice, and on its second appearance it caught the eye of a cabman who was waiting for a fare near the New York Hotel. He dismounted from his seat and sauntered toward the entrance where a porter was sweeping.

"Where's the Nagle lad?" he asked.

The porter looked around. "Answerin' a bell, I dunno."

"So. I'd have a worrud wit' him, whin it's convaynient."

The cabman went back to his vehicle and paced up and down beside it. Presently Terence came to the door, flourishing a whisk broom. "Oh! 'tis you, Mike."

"Hev ye seen the paper the day?" He took it from his pocket and laid his heavy forefinger upon the advertisement.

Terence scanned it carefully. Then he laughed and held up both hands in admiration. "What a man is Captain Mack!" he exclaimed. "He heard the news ahead of the editor; upon me soul he did. Before the breakfast hour yisterday mornin' the clane-up was over an' done wit' an' the ould man an' the b'ys was gone."

"An' Terence lift in the lurch, b'gobs!" said the cabman.

"In the lurch, is it?" retorted Terence, glowing with good humor. "Says the Captain to me, 'Me lad, I'm lavin' ye for to do the head worruk,' says he. 'Ye have a cool head,' he says, 'a keen eye an' a clane mind,' he says, 'an' I'm trustin' in yure discrateness altogether.'"

"Did he say that now?" cried the cabman, appearing to be highly pleased.

"He did," replied Terence, "an' he said more; he said, says he, 'Do ye give me regards to Mike an' the b'ys,' he says, 'an' tell 'em for to tip Terence the wink whin they have fares for 231 Plaisdell Avenue, Brooklyn."

"B'gobs! we'll do't!" said Mike, the cabman.

"If there's no more'n four, ye're to give me the wink, drive about a bit, an' then take 'em straight to the number, where they'll find rist an' refrishment for man an' baste. An' if me two eyes tell me no lies, the chanst is runnin' right at ye head-foremost." This last remark was made pertinent by the appearance of two men in the doorway of the hotel. One of them turned back to buy a couple of cigars; the other came toward the cab. Just then Terence was hitting the rolled curtains of the vehicle a lick with the whisk broom and saying, "If ye were a bit tidier maybe ye'd play to a bigger audience." He turned when the gentleman came up.

"Are you acquainted with Brooklyn?" asked the newcomer.

"'Twas there I lived whin I first landed," replied the cabman.

"Well, my friend and I want to go to 231 Plaisdell Avenue; are you acquainted with the locality?"

"I know it well enough to drive ye there, sir; but ye'll find it chaper to go by 'bus an' ferry."

"But we're in a hurry," the gentleman explained. "We have a friend there who may desire to return with us."

The cabman bowed and opened the door of his vehicle. From under his own seat he drew a duster, and with this he carefully brushed the cushions inside. This done, the two gentlemen took their seats and the cab moved off.

In this case the cabman had been under no necessity of tipping the wink to Terence. That lively lad had been on hand with his ears open, and, in answer to an imaginary summons from the office, he went running into the hotel.

"I'm for Brooklyn, sir," he said to the clerk, and that functionary smiled and bowed an affable consent. But an instant was required for Terence to change his blouse working-jacket for coat and waistcoat. Running out through the ladies' entrance he climbed to the side of a burly-looking cabman, and said something in his ear which caused him to arouse himself with a smile. He looked at his watch as he gathered up the reins, and smacked his lips over its white face. His cab was drawn by two horses, and they seemed to be very spirited animals when in motion.

"Now, Barney, do ye know what's to be done?" asked Terence.

"If Mike knows as well," replied Barney, "both jobs'll be well done. But, mind you what chasin's to be done, must be done in the village where there's nothin' but preachers an' babies."

"Mike knows," said Terence confidently.

"Then we'll be first at the finish with forty-five minutes to spare. Does the old man need more'n that?"

Terence laughed exultantly. "Says Captain Mack, says he, 'Give me tin minutes, me lad,' says he, 'an' we'll have court in session whin our friends come,' he says."

As Barney, with his two smart horses, was turning out of Broadway to go into a street where there were fewer obstacles, he nudged his companion and pointed with his whip. A block away, Mike and his fares had been caught in one of the jams for which the lower part of Broadway is famous. This particular jam seemed to be as impassable as a lumber boom, and it was all occasioned by a half dozen words in Gaelic spoken to the drivers of two big trucks.

The cabmen and the two truckmen shook their fists at one another defiantly, and used language which, to say the least, was not invented in the mild atmosphere of the parlor. The blockade attracted attention for several blocks. It had sprung up, as it were, unexpectedly. It was begun and carried out with great vehemence of language and gesture. A half dozen policemen, men of long experience in such matters, did their utmost to straighten out matters and provide a channel for traffic. If the jam had occurred at a crossing, all would have been well, but its centre was in the middle of two long blocks, and the vehicles that were caught in it found it impossible to beat a retreat.

"What's the trouble?" asked one of Mike's passengers, putting his head out of the window.

"'Tis the divvle an' all to pay, sir," answered Mike, looking at his watch. Ten minutes and more had been gained. He nodded his head to truckman No. 1, who waved his hand at truckman No. 2.

Then, "Hi, there!" said No. 1. "Look sharp, there!" cried No. 2. And, lo! what the policemen had failed to do was accomplished in five minutes, for in that space of time the blockade melted away, and traffic resumed its march.

The ferry at which Mike, the cabman, crossed was thirty minutes farther from Plaisdell Avenue than the one at which Barney and Terence had crossed, and he made the distance still longer by indulging in some of those tricks of driving that are a part of the cabman's trade.

Finally, however, the vehicle drew up at 231, and Mike dismounted from the seat to open the door.

"You will wait for us," said the gentleman who had engaged the cab.

"Will ye be long, sir?" Mike's tone was extremely solicitous as he consulted his watch.

"Why, no," replied the gentleman who had acted throughout as spokesman.

"As much as an hour, sir?" insisted the cabman.

"Why, certainly not. Ten minutes at the most," the gentleman asserted.

"Oh, I see," remarked the cabman, and he regarded the two men with an expression on his face which they remembered afterward.

II

NOW, one of those gentlemen was Mr. Philip Doyle, of whom we have heard, and the other was Mr. William Webb, the accomplished officer

Editor's Note—This story is the sequel to The Kidnaping of President Lincoln, which began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 2. Each story is complete in itself.

who had fallen into conversation with our old friend Sanders in the dining-room of the New York Hotel. Mr. Doyle had a fair reputation with his superiors for energy and sagacity, but Mr. Webb was the pride of the secret service bureau; and he was very ambitious. Moreover, he was almost as intensely devoted to the cause of the Union as Mr. Stanton. No fatigue was too great for him to undergo in the performance of his duties. He had a clear head and high courage, and all his faculties were keenly developed.

When Mr. Doyle came up from the South, Webb was naturally the first person he sought out, after reporting to his chief. He had worked with Webb, and liked him, and, while in the South, had been under Webb's direction. The trouble with Doyle was that he set too much store by his personal ambition. He was for the Union, of course, but first and foremost he was for Mr. Philip Doyle.

Therefore, instead of laying the information he had before the chief of the bureau, he kept it to himself until he found an opportunity to consult with Webb. The temptation which the situation presented to the latter was not so strong, perhaps, as it was in the case of Mr. Doyle; but it existed. It would be a great stroke if he, with Doyle, should be the means of unearthing the conspiracy against the Government and arresting the man who was responsible therefor.

"Have you the documentary proof in your possession?" Mr. Webb asked Doyle at their private consultation. "It is very important to have that. It is easy enough to arrest men promiscuously, as has been done on too many occasions. What we want is the actual proof."

For answer, Mr. Doyle took from the breast-pocket of his coat a package of papers and handed them to his companion, who examined them very carefully.

"If you think that settles it," Webb said with a smile, "wouldn't it be best to lay these documents before the chief, get an order for a provost's guard, and make an end of the matter?"

"And when that is done, where would the credit lie?" Mr. Doyle inquired.

"Why, with the bureau, of course," was the response.

"But if we undertake it and carry it out successfully, what then?"

"That is true," said Mr. Webb. "You are sure you have said nothing of this to any one else?"

"Why, I haven't had time to think about it until now," Mr. Doyle declared. "I hoped to make a big strike by the arrest of the fellows who were plotting to kidnap Mr. Lincoln; but you know what a failure that was."

"I do, indeed," replied Mr. Webb. "Altogether, it is the most peculiar case I ever heard of. I have been trying to unravel it to my satisfaction; but the more I think about it, the more mysterious it becomes. And then, there's that chap, Awtry. He has resigned and gone South with Bethune and the old buffoon."

"Well, Awtry is a Southern man, you know, and people down there—or the most of them—act on principles that are dim to me," remarked Mr. Doyle. "But about this case of ours: what shall we do about it? Can't you get a signed order for the arrest of this man?"

"Oh, there's no difficulty about the order of arrest. Such orders are thick as leaves on the trees," replied Mr. Webb. "I am well acquainted with the head waiter of the New York Hotel. If he is the man we want, there can be no difficulty about arresting him. He is a rather shrewd man. He sees through all my disguises without trouble; but I judge from his face that he was once an actor, and that he has some weakness which has prevented him from following his profession. That's the way I've sized him up. A more amiable man I have never met, and he seems to know how to hold his tongue. Now, the character of work that has been mapped out at the New York Hotel and successfully carried out by the Confederate agents would never be in the hands of a man willing to accept a menial position. Take the case as it stands: why should a man capable of such work desire to figure in a position that is at least servile? He has only to lock himself in a room and his whereabouts would never be suspected."

"But here are the documents," Mr. Doyle insisted.

"True," replied Webb; "but how do you know these very documents were not intended to mislead? You must remember that the business we are engaged in requires considerable headwork. We must never underrate the abilities of an opponent. That a very shrewd and shifty man is doing this secret service work for the rebels is very evident to me. Is it likely that his name and object would be spread out on the records in Richmond? Now, I think not."

"But they were not 'spread out,' as you call it," said Doyle. "They were in a very safe place, and it was only by accident that they came into my hands."

"There is another fact to be taken into consideration," pursued Webb, who was very fond of his theories, and very happy, as he supposed, in inventing them. The reader will admit, too, that his deductions were logical. "Another fact, and a very important one," he repeated and then paused.

"What is it?" inquired Doyle.

"Why, the general character of the Southern people, and the particular characteristics of a Southern man capable of managing a secret service bureau in the heart of the enemy's country. I know something of these people, but you know more. Now, I ask you again, is it at all likely that a man who is in a position to command men would stoop to flourish a towel and usher guests to their seats in a public dining-room? Why, such service would leave a bad taste in my mouth, and in yours. This being the case, how would it affect the pride of our friend, the enemy?"

"Still——" Doyle was going on to repeat his belief in the records he had abstracted; but Webb interrupted him.

"I'm only trying to prepare you for the inevitable," he said. "I'm going with you, and I propose to act just as if I placed as much confidence in these documents as you do. More than that, if we succeed, the credit shall all be placed to your account. If we fail, I'll share the failure with you. I am simply trying to show you that what is true must be reasonable."

"But if we fail," suggested Doyle, "no one need know about it."

"True enough," responded Webb; "but I'll know it, and you'll know it. That is the reason I have been at some pains to give you my views on the subject. The head waiter's name is McCarthy; that much I am certain of. And your documents say that an inquiry for McCarthy means an inquiry for the chief of the bureau in New York. Well, we'll try our hands. If we fail, well and good."

Mr. Doyle was careful not to produce his list of active agents and clerks of the bureau. He kept this for his own use, hoping to bring himself still more prominently to the attention of his superiors by arresting the agents and clerks one at a time. He had mapped out a very successful program in his mind, and saw himself advanced in the line of promotion until he became famous all over the world. His professional pride, as such, was devoted wholly to his own advancement, whereas Mr. Webb, with less energy, rather liked his work; and when one of his theories turned out to be the true one, he rejoiced over it as the artist does who makes a happy stroke with his brush.

The two men took the night train for New York, where they arrived at an early hour, and were driven at once to the New York Hotel. They secured a room and were soon in the dining-room. A head waiter was on hand, but he was not McCarthy. Presently Mr. Webb called the man and asked for McCarthy.

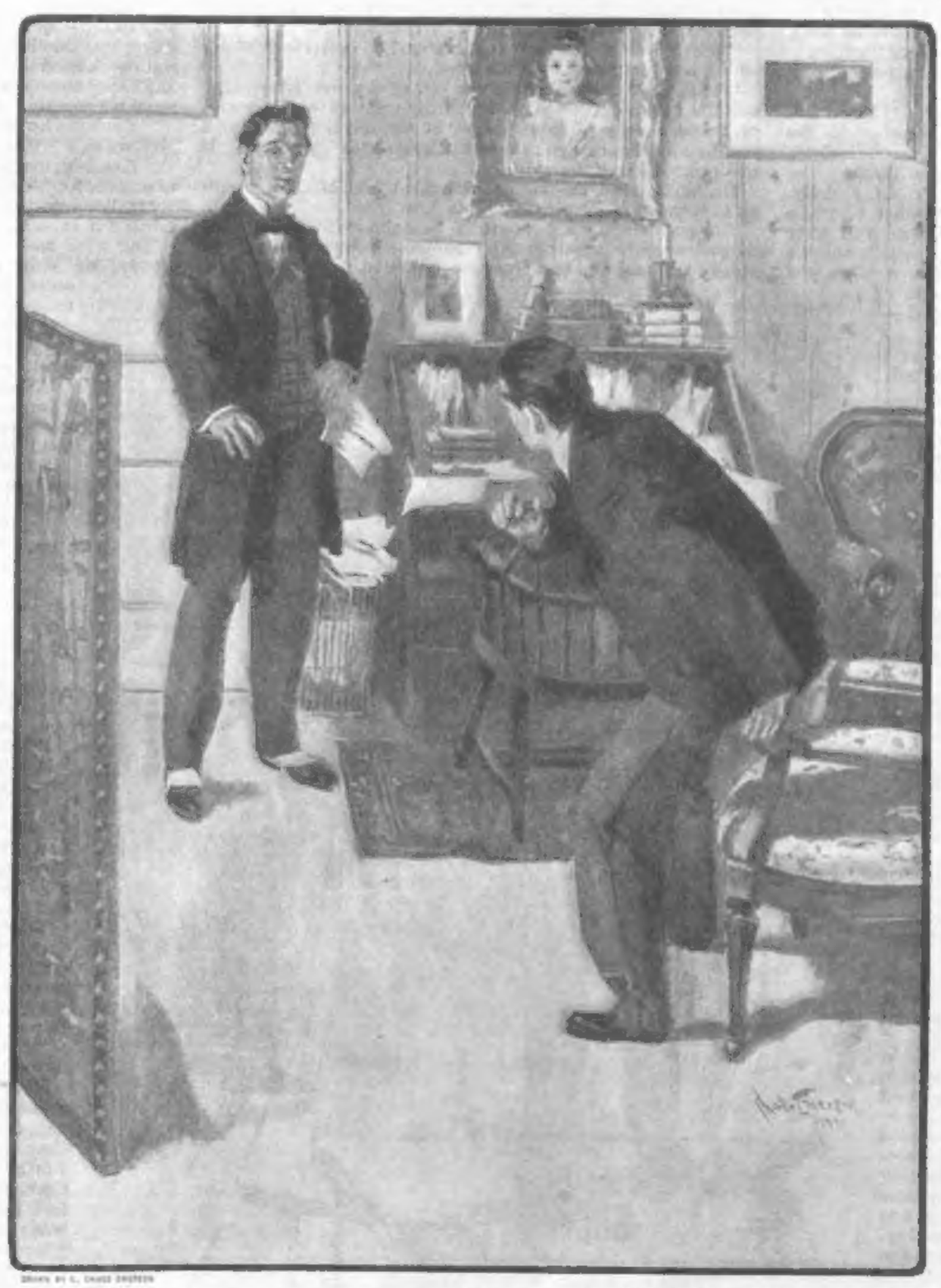
"Why, I think he is ill, sir, but the gentleman in the office can tell you more about it. I was suddenly called to take his place yesterday, and I heard some one say he was ill."

The man who brought their breakfast had practically the same report to make. He had heard that the former head waiter was ill. He was not sure, but he thought it was a sudden attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

At the office the gentlemanly clerk was cool, but polite. He had not heard of McCarthy's absence or illness, but the evidence should be at hand. He searched a while, and was about to dismiss the gentlemen, when, as it seemed, a thought struck him.

"Wait!" he said, snapping his finger impatiently; "I believe I've been looking over the wrong file-book."

In five minutes he came across a note from a physician stating that the head waiter was ill at his home, 231 Plaisdell Avenue, Brooklyn. "Inflammatory rheumatism. Be unable to report for duty for several days; perhaps for several weeks." So the clerk interpreted the scrawl spread out over the face of the certificate. Mr. Webb wrote the name of the street and the number in his memorandum-book, and shortly afterward, as we have seen, engaged a cab to take his companion and himself to the house.



"Eh, man! do you take me for an assassin?"

III

NUMBER 231 was part of a brick tenement, and was marked by very neat surroundings. At the moment when the two visitors arrived there was more of a bustle about the place than Mr. Webb deemed desirable. A large truck drawn by two heavy-built horses had backed up to the pavement opposite the adjoining number, and several stout men in blouses were standing around apparently awaiting orders. Evidently some one was moving in or out of No. 233.

The door of No. 231 opened promptly in response to the ringing of the bell, and Webb and Doyle were ushered into the sitting-room and then into a smaller room in which were a writing-desk and a chintz-covered sofa with cushioned chairs to match. As the two men disappeared, Mike, the cabman, remarked to Barney, who was now arrayed in blue overalls:

"Oh, Barney! he says he'll be out in tin minutes."

"Did he say that, now?" replied Barney with a grin and a grimace that would have made his fortune on the vaudeville stage.

"He did, b'gobs! He says them very wurruds."

By way of comment Barney raised his hands and let them fall again in a despairing gesture, as if there could be no hope for a man who made such offhand remarks.

The room in which Webb and Doyle found themselves was, as has been already hinted, very modestly furnished. The pictures on the wall were cheap, but, with one exception, they were fair reproductions of some of the old masterpieces. The exception was the portrait of a wonderfully beautiful young girl. Mr. Webb had a daughter, and the portrait fascinated him.

Suddenly the door opposite the one by which they entered was thrown half open, and a lad with a pleasant face called out:

"He would speak with Mr. Dyle."

"Do you mean Doyle?" inquired the owner of the name.

"Sure, sir; I said Dyle."

Mr. Doyle turned an inquiring eye on Mr. Webb, who, after reflecting a moment, nodded his head, and Doyle followed the lad. The door was shut after him with something like a bang. Mr. Webb had no opportunity to theorize about this bang, for the door near him opened and Captain McCarthy entered. He greeted Mr. Webb with a cordial smile, and shook hands with an appearance of heartiness which took the detective somewhat aback.

"Why, I heard you were ill," remarked Mr. Webb.

"And you thought a change of air would be good for me," suggested Captain McCarthy smiling. "Well, I have heard stranger and truer things than that."

"Did you send for Doyle just now?" inquired Webb. Never in his life did he feel less like performing a disagreeable duty.

"He was summoned from the room because I wanted to have a private conversation with you," said McCarthy, seating himself. He regarded the portrait of the child intently for a moment and then turned to the detective.

"Did it ever occur to you, sir," he asked courteously, "that perhaps you were after the wrong man—that, in order to do successfully what is, for the moment, your duty, you should strike higher than a poor old hotel servant?"

"I have certainly had some such thought," replied Webb. "Nevertheless, my duty compels me——"

At that moment the door through which Doyle had made his exit was opened, and Terence Nagle came in with an apologetic smile. He held some papers in his hand. "The gentleman says ye're welcome to these if they'll do you any good, sir. His wurrud, sir, was that he'd see you later."

"Very well, my lad. Whenever it suits his convenience," remarked Captain McCarthy, taking the papers and giving a cursory examination to each.

Mr. Webb, whose duty had compelled him to half rise from his seat, sank back in his chair with an exclamation of surprise. He saw that the papers which McCarthy held in his hands were the documents on which Doyle had depended to prove the charges to be brought against the head waiter—the charges on which he was to be arrested.

"Is Doyle gone?" asked Webb.

"I can best answer that by saying that the chances are you'll never see him again," answered McCarthy.

"Has he been murdered?" cried the other, rising to his feet.

"Tut, man! do you take me for an assassin? If you will resume your seat and restrain your feelings I will make the case of Mr. Doyle perfectly plain to you, and yours as well. But yours first. Would you like a glass of wine?"

"Not at present," said Mr. Webb, suspecting poison, perhaps.

"As you please," remarked the head waiter. "Now then, in regard to your affairs. You have a brother in the Confederate army."

"That is true, I am sorry to say," responded Webb.

"I see no cause for weeping," said McCarthy drily. "Now, six—yes, eight—months ago this brother of yours was in prison. His health was not good, and you were anxious to secure his release. You tried every honorable plan that could suggest itself to you, and, at last, when you had come to the end of your resources, your brother was still languishing—yes, that is the word—languishing in prison."

"That is true," assented Mr. Webb uneasily.

"Well, what happened then?" McCarthy asked, fixing his eyes upon the face of the detective.

Mr. Webb shifted his position, and finally arose to his feet and crossed the room as if to get a nearer view of the child's portrait on the wall.

"That is my daughter," remarked Captain McCarthy.

"She is very beautiful," said Mr. Webb. And then there came a knock on the door, and Nora followed the knock like an echo.

"Dada," she cried, shaking her hair away from a face in which modesty and mischief were carrying on a perpetual contest, "Dada, the cabman is uneasy. He says the gentleman was to keep him waiting only ten minutes." She turned to Mr. Webb with a smile and a blush.

"Mr. Webb, this is the little girl of the picture. Nora, darlin', tell the cabman that his fare is paid and he may return at once. The gentleman will remain a little longer."

"The picture doesn't do her justice," said Mr. Webb.

"Oh, she'll never get justice this side of Paradise," exclaimed Nora's father with sparkling eyes. "You were saying——"

"About my brother," responded Mr. Webb, resuming his seat. "Well, my brother is very dear to me. To me he is both father and brother, and my affection for him led me to a very dishonorable action."

"Oh, we are not discussing principles," interrupted Captain McCarthy. "We shall never know the exact line of duty between kindred and country until we get to Heaven."

"If we ever do get there," remarked Mr. Webb.

"Certainly. With a great many, that is also an open question. Well, at any rate, you owed some sort of duty to your brother."

"Yes, and in spite of the fact that I had a commission as an officer under the United States Government, I made every effort to aid my brother to escape, and finally succeeded. The only time my conscience has been easy in the matter was when I saw him in the arms of our old mother, and heard her thank Heaven that her eldest son was free once more. But how did the facts become known to you?"

"Why, it is the simplest thing in the world. I was working to the same end, and when I had everything ready I found that some one had interfered, and my scheme fell to pieces. But when I found what you were trying to do I joined hands with you, and your plans were successful."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Webb.

"Now, then, when your brother was delivered into your hands on that dark and stormy night, he turned back to the carriage in which he had come and said something to the man inside. Do you remember what it was?"

"Certainly," responded Mr. Webb. "He said, 'Good-by, Larry, and God bless you!'"

"Well," commented the head waiter with a tender light kindling in his eyes, "my name is Lawrence McCarthy, and the chosen few of the men of this world whom God permits to love me call me Larry."

Again Mr. Webb walked across the room and then reseated himself. "Of course you know that this information you have given me completely ties my hands."

"Excuse me, sir!" said Captain McCarthy with stern emphasis. "We are not children. I gave you the information because your brother Martin is a very dear friend of mine, and I am trying to give you an opportunity to withdraw from your pursuit of a poor old serving man, and direct it toward those who are worthier of your attention. You owe me no gratitude, and I do not propose for you to go away from here (if you go at all) under any fancied obligation to me. What I did or tried to do for your brother was for his sake alone, and the course I propose to take with you is for his sake and not for yours. But, make no mistake about it—I am under no obligations to him, nor he to me. In the course of Providence it happens that his name is written on the tablets of my friendship, and there it will remain."

This, of course, tended to throw Mr. Webb back on his personal dignity. "My duty——" he began, but Captain McCarthy interrupted him.

"Pardon me! I am not discussing duty. The pursuit of that lies between each individual and his conscience. What I propose to do, if I can get your consent, is to provide for my own safety by providing for yours."

"You think I am in your power, then?" suggested Mr. Webb.

"As completely so as if I had you surrounded with a regiment of men. Not only that, you will be in my power should you leave this house and return to Washington."

"Am I free to ask an explanation?" remarked Webb with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"That shall be forthcoming whether you ask it or not," was the response. Captain McCarthy went to his desk and produced a copy of a newspaper of the day before. "Did you by any chance see this advertisement in the paper? It was printed again to-day."

Mr. Webb read the notice, and turned to McCarthy with an expression of perplexity on his face.

"It was sent by a person who is unknown to you. You will observe that he not only announces your coming, but gives your name and that of your companion. There it all is. But I have shown you the notice merely to convince you that your movements are perfectly well known to the person who wrote that warning. It may interest you to know that this man has in his hands absolute proofs of your complicity in the escape of your brother."

"Well, to what end are you telling me all this?"

"Your safety is involved in your silence. Fly at whom you please, but leave me alone. Permit an old serving man to indulge his whims in peace."

Mr. Webb laughed with genuine amusement. "Whatever you are," he said, "you are no serving man." Then he said: "You place your demand—that is what it amounts to—in the shape of a suggestion. If you are as powerful here as you say you are why not exact pledges?"

"My dear sir," exclaimed Captain McCarthy, "I wouldn't give a bad shilling for a mountain of pledges secured by compulsion. You have reflected, of course, that I have made no requests of your late companion, the man Doyle. I have disposed of him without even having seen his face."

"Well, where is Doyle?" asked Mr. Webb, betraying some excitement.

"The case of Mr. Doyle is a very interesting one," Captain McCarthy explained. "He has been eating the bread of the Confederate Government with his mouth and conspiring against it with his head and his hands."

"Others have been using the United States Government in the same way," retorted Webb.

"The practice of what is wrong in principle does not make it right. Mr. Doyle accepted an important office under the Confederate Government and suggested the kidnaping of Mr. Lincoln to a lad, a mere boy, and then did his utmost to lead this lad to his destruction. The youngster, being strangely modest and tractable for one of his temper and training, submitted himself to the will of an older and a wiser head, and so escaped. But Mr. Doyle will not escape."

"Is he in the next room?" asked Webb.

"Let us see," replied Captain McCarthy. He led the way to the door by which Doyle had passed and opened it. There was another door immediately beyond it, which Webb rightly judged led into the adjoining tenement. Captain McCarthy opened this second door, and Webb saw that the room was empty. He called aloud:

"Doyle! Doyle! Phil!" Webb turned to Captain McCarthy. "Man, you'll have to answer for this!"

"Possibly; but you may be sure that Doyle is on the way to answer for his transactions."

Mr. Webb sat silent a long time, thinking profoundly. "I think I'll take that glass of wine now," he at length said.

The wine was soon forthcoming, and as they sipped it slowly, McCarthy spoke: "What are your conclusions? I mean, what course do you intend to pursue with respect to me?"

"I think," replied Webb with a friendly twinkle in his eye, "that it is I who should ask that question."

"Well, sir, you have a brother whose friendship I am permitted to enjoy, and you have drunk of my wine. Under the circumstances, you will go forth from this house as free as a bird on the wing."

"I think that will be best for both of us," remarked Mr. Webb. "I have made up my mind to resign."

Captain McCarthy held his glass of wine between his eyes and the light, and watched the bubbles die out on the amber-colored fluid. "Your decision is a wise one," he said after a while. "The unquestionable talent you have displayed in certain details of this business in which you are engaged would be of great service to you in the management of a railway line; and I think—I'm not certain, but I think—I have a friend who can give you a good excuse for sending in your resignation."

"Now," said Mr. Webb, "as my cab is gone, you will have to show me the way out of this Brooklyn jungle."

"I propose to go with you," Captain McCarthy declared. He opened the door by which he had first entered the room, and spoke to some one who was apparently waiting there: "Terence, my lad, tell Barney to bring the carriage around. The rest of you may go now."

There was a shuffling of feet, and then silence. Presently Terence reported that the carriage was ready. Barney raised his hat as the Captain saluted him.

"We want to get back as quickly as possible, Barney," suggested McCarthy.

"I'll take ye by a shorter cut, sor, than Mike fetched the gentleman," said Barney with a grin.

Near Wall Street McCarthy and Webb entered a banking-house which has since made a great name in the financial world. At that particular time the firm was very much in need of a trustworthy man to look after its interests in the management of an important railway line. The firm had indorsed the bonds of the road, and there was reason to suspect that there had been sharp practice on the part of the local managers. What claim Captain McCarthy had on these bankers or what connection he had with them was not clear to Mr. Webb, but his influence with the firm was due to the fact that he had rescued from a Southern prison, by perfectly legitimate methods, the son of one of the members of the firm. As the result of that piece of work, Mr. Webb secured a position from which he climbed step by step into the management of the road and its later acquisitions.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"Man, you'll have to answer for this!"

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

THE RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M. P.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

MR. CHARLES HEMSTREET

A Woman's College in the Bible

"There ought to be about fifty women police on the New York City force," said Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in conversation, the other day. "They ought to be of discreet age, and a principal part of their duties should be the looking out for young girls coming to the city as strangers. And some of them ought to patrol the streets at night, to look after women going home from work or the theatres."

Mrs. Stanton, now rounding out a long life of leadership, is one of the most picturesque figures in America. Her ideas are incisive and clear-cut.

"Besides women police there ought to be women street cleaners, too. See what an army of white uniformed men we have in this city! And how picturesque it would be to have some of the force women!"

Then came an addition that showed that Mrs. Stanton, although well past the eighty years' mark, and a radical leader for women's reforms, is as delightfully feminine as ever.

"They could dress in bloomers, and they could wear red feathers in their caps, and they could have red handles on their brooms!" she cried.

Mrs. Stanton does not like the idea that woman brought sin into the world. "Why, the Bible itself says that the serpent was always there!" she exclaimed.

"But did you notice what a high idea the serpent had of woman's intellect?" she added with a twinkle in her eyes. "He did not try to tempt her with jewels or dresses or pleasures, but by arousing in her mind a strong thirst for knowledge. After that, the simple pleasure of talking with Adam was not enough."

Mrs. Stanton tells of asking a wealthy woman to give a part of her wealth to endow a woman's college, and of the woman's prim refusal on the ground that nowhere does the Bible recognize a woman's college.

"And so I reminded her," says Mrs. Stanton, "of the Prophetess Huldah, who, when the King wanted her, was found in the college."

Then, in reply to a further question: "No"—with a regretful ghost of a smile—"she gave $30,000 to a man's college instead, after all."

Mrs. Stanton says that when she was a girl her father told her and her sisters that whenever they went anywhere, under the escort of young men, they must pay their own share of whatever expense was incurred. This, he told them, was for two reasons. One was that the most desirable young men were sometimes deterred from offering their escort because they felt they could not afford a double expense. The other was that young women would be in a far more independent position if they did not have to feel that their escorts had just been allowed to spend money upon them.

Mrs. Stanton lives in a pleasant home, surrounded by pictures and books, and loves to sit silent, thinking of the past, through the long twilight of the summer evenings.

Secretary Gage as a Detective

Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, makes no pretensions to ability as a detective, but he has a way of sometimes getting to the bottom of things which is very shrewd. Not long ago two sheets of printed banknotes disappeared from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

The loss was discovered on the following day, thanks to the careful system of concentrating responsibility, and was traced to the occupants of one room, a mere handful of people. Each sheet contained four notes, and six of these notes were recovered within a few days, their possessor having passed them in spite of their lack of signature.

The very best detective talent was put to work upon the case, but certain peculiar conditions baffled every effort to get proof against the culprit. What the secret service agents did get, however, was evidence showing that, whereas the rest of the group of clerks involved were of respectable habits, one of them was leading a thoroughly disreputable life outside of his office.

At this point Mr. Gage concluded to try his hand. He sent for the whole party who had been under surveillance, and delivered to them a short address, taking for his text the value of character. His remarks ran as follows:

"Circumstances show that this loss was not the result of carelessness, but a deliberate theft. The system of checks and balances in the Bureau narrows that theft down to this little group of persons. One of you took those sheets of banknotes. I do not know who the guilty person is, in the sense of having proof enough to convict him in court, but I have my very strong suspicions. I shall not mention any name, but I shall indicate a line of distinction which each can apply as a test in his own case and then determine for himself whether he is the person whom I have in mind.

"All of you except one lead lives which you need not be afraid to spread open to the light of day. The one exception leads a life of which a well-bred dog ought to be ashamed. If character ever stood a man in good stead it does so now in the case of those of you who are good and reputable in your relations outside of your office. All who belong in that category may go home to-night with the feeling that no suspicion attaches to them in the mind of the head of this department. The one among you who cannot stand the test of character which I have outlined will know, without my mentioning his name, that I am satisfied he is the thief."

A few days later one member of the group resigned.

"The Ruler of the Queen's Navee"

Mr. Goschen, although he is First Lord of the English Admiralty, is a civilian, pure and simple. Though he has abandoned the city he cannot divest himself of its air. He is a money-broker, not much else; and to see him on gala days when the fleet is going through manœuvres, is to see a strangely incongruous figure among hearty, John Bullish naval officers, frank, sunburnt, well set up, very carefully trimmed. When he first held the office that so suggested maritime things there was a popular song running the streets with the burden, "If ever I cease to love." May such or such an improbable thing come to pass—"If ever I cease to love"—that was the idea. And the parody was made with the rich rhyme:

"May Mr. Goschen have a notion
Of the motion of the ocean
If ever I cease to love."

Much more at home is this sea lord at a Buckingham Palace ball, when he noses and eyeglasses his way among dames of high degree, his manner cordial to the confines of familiarity and, though not pleasing, certainly arresting. The brightest people like to talk to him; even more, they like to hear him talk. One very alert woman, sitting beside him at luncheon, paid him the most sincere compliment he ever received. As he talked and talked to her, she helped herself to mustard with her apple tart.

Mr. Goschen is now sixty-nine and a widower. He was only twenty-six, and had not long left Oxford, when he married Miss Lucy Dolly, a particularly charming woman, who had not grown old when she died two years ago, and to whom her husband owed much of his good fortune in life, though he never wrote a book in the dedication of it. The Theory of the Foreign Exchange was hardly the appropriate book; for though "literature" is returned by the First Lord as his favorite recreation, he makes the allusion as a reader. Mr. Goschen sat in Parliament for the City of London from 1863 to 1880; for Ripon from 1880 to 1885, when he was elected for Edinburgh. Two capitals have been his lot—he is a double capitalist. His first offices were held under Gladstone whom he afterward hated, not perhaps altogether because of Home Rule. He has been President of the Board of Trade and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and much beside; and his office at the head of the Admiralty is now held for the second time.

Competence as a speaker is a requisite for public life nearly everywhere; it is particularly so in Great Britain. Goschen owes his prominence in administration after administration—in Tory after Liberal administrations—to his particularly incisive oratory. If a personal hit can be made, he is the man to make it. He is keener for that sort of thrust than Chamberlain; and crueller even. Cynicism in his hands becomes almost an enthusiasm. On his tongue party narrowness takes the diction of expanded patriotism. The temper of mercantile acquisitiveness conceals itself under phrasing that suggests sacrificial humanitarianism. The Land of Goschen is not farther from the Realm of England than are other irreconcilable things far from each other that are yet united in the character and career of the Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen.

A Misunderstood Patriot

Charles Hemstreet, whose Nooks and Corners of Old New York has lately attracted attention as an historical work written on new lines, met with some odd experiences while he was collecting material for his book. One day during his rambles through the byways he came to the head of Coenties Slip, where once stood the Stadt Huys, the first city hall of the New Netherlands.

A memorial tablet had been placed on the building which occupied the site, but at this time the house was being remodeled, and the tablet, a brass slab two feet square, had been removed. Mr. Hemstreet, who regards such things as memorial tablets as sacred, was anxious to know whether this one was being properly cared for. After half an hour of search he found the precious tablet in the gutter under a mass of brick.

Then he sought the foreman of the workers.

"See here," he said, pointing to the tablet; "what is that doing there?"

The foreman answered quietly: "Why, it's holding up them bricks, so the water can run through the gutter."

More than ever excited, the author-researcher exclaimed: "Vandalism! Vandalism! Do you know what ancient building once stood on this land?"

"Sure," replied the foreman; "a saloon."

"A saloon? Why, man, two hundred years ago the Stadt Huys stood here. That brass tablet is the link which binds the present with the past. That must be preserved; that must be treated as tenderly as——"

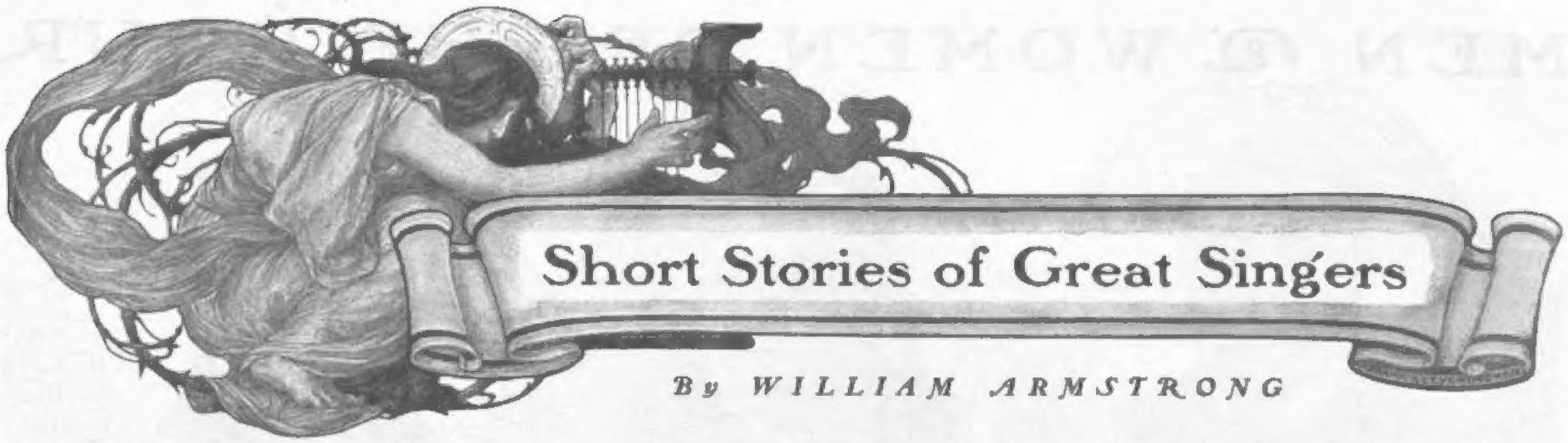
"Say," interrupted the foreman, "do you own this 'ere house we're a-puttin' up?"

"No," exclaimed the historian, "but the feeling of patriotism makes me hold this historic spot sacred."

"Well," he replied, "if you come around here hollering and interrupting my work and claimin' property that don't belong to you, I'll have you arrested. That piece of brass is holding up them bricks all right, and it's goin' to keep on holdin' them up. If you don't want to get into trouble, you better chase yourself."

And the excited historian, noting the gathering crowd, decided the advice was good, and went on his way in silence. There was nothing else for him to do.

Mr. Hemstreet's volume was charmingly illustrated by Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto. This young illustrator has recently won general and well-deserved recognition, but it was not so many years ago that he was one of Mr. Gellett Burgess's collaborators in the making of that curious toy magazine known as the Lark.



Short Stories of Great Singers

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

THE personality of singers, musicians and composers of the present day, their ways when off the stage, the anecdotes they tell, their feelings, the happenings that come to them, all are interesting, as helping to show the famous people as they really are.

Success Won by Hard Work

Madame Nordica is one of the hardest workers on the stage. She is always studying, and even the odd moments are turned to account. Her mind has the Germanic trait of thoroughness, with energy of the American and indomitable kind, and she is full of restlessness and vigor.

Most successful people, after a certain point, are easily satisfied. With the coming of popular recognition shortcomings are liable to be lost sight of and a kind of artistic blindness sets in as the result of self-satisfaction. And self-satisfaction closes more careers than age.

But with Madame Nordica it is not in the present, but in the future—always the future. After her best success in Tristan and Isolde, she said to me: "Wait. Ten years from now the people will see what I can do."

"It is work, work, work that makes success!" she once exclaimed. "Work five minutes and you will succeed five minutes' worth, but work five hours and you will succeed five hours' worth."

"But," I said, "remember your natural gifts."

"Plenty have natural voices equal to mine," she answered; "plenty have talent equal to mine, but I have worked."

"My first London appearance," she told me once, "was something I shall never get over. We had been singing in the English provinces and the manager owed me and the rest of us. I was to make my Covent Garden début as Violetta in Traviata, and actually I had not the money to hire a cab, but was forced to walk to the theatre and home again, and I had one flight of stairs to climb beyond the elevator when I got there.

"In those days it was a question with me whether I should dine or sup. My mother was ill and required my help. I tell you, no one knows what I have gone through and what my troubles have been. I remember them with bitterness, and now, no matter what my successes may be or how happy they may make me, that other memory is there, too. I shall never shake loose from it. It helped me, yes, in my dramatic action. One must suffer to develop that, but it left a scar that nothing can obliterate.

"Well, on that particular night, when I came out on the stage there was a tenor I had never seen before. And such a tenor! I hope I may never see him again."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, the critic and playwright, told me later that he remembered the occasion perfectly, and that the regular tenor having refused to appear unless his back salary was forthcoming, his place was taken by another who had been known to sing even in the chorus.

"Of course," said Madame Nordica, "my numbers with him were completely ruined, but I had a chance in my arias and I tried, oh, how hard I tried! The next day I was better known in England."

One reason why Madame Nordica succeeds is that she is willing to learn from people who can teach her. And that is a very rare talent, indeed. A few seasons ago, in this country, she was going through her rôles with Mr. Jean de Reszke. When Madame Nordica was to sing in an opera in which he was not engaged he would be standing in the wings listening. When the performance was over he would tell her his opinion of the result, and a merciless critic she says he was.

After she sang Elsa in Lohengrin, at the Bayreuth Festival of 1894, she returned his kindness, in a way, by suggesting certain points in action in that work, and he was just as docile in adopting her advice as she had been his. And for the simple reason that they are both great artists.

How Nordica Conquered the Tenor

Madame Nordica was the only soprano in the Abbey-Grau company who could cope in tone with the phenomenal high notes of the tenor, Tamagno. Her reasons for this are well worth remembering. Madame Drog, an Italian soprano, had been singing the Aida with him only a few nights before. When a high note came Tamagno would leave the heroine and the balance of the ensemble, come down to the footlights and deliver the note with stentorian force. That the others were singing one only knew because their mouths were open. When Madame Nordica sang with him Tamagno not only remained beside Aida instead of rushing to the footlights, but he failed to drown out her tone. She told me how this was accomplished.

"If I said to him once, I said to him a dozen times: 'Look at me! look at me! look at me!'" And the way she gave these words, speaking with the lips half parted but motionless and her smiling eyes fixed on an imaginary audience, showed me how she made Tamagno obey.

"As to the tone," she continued, "no one could hope to drown him out by force. It was by the quality of tone that I made myself heard."

Madame Nordica's wedding to Zoltan Dömé took place at Indianapolis on the final night of the May festival of 1895.

On arriving in Indianapolis Mr. Dömé had procured the license, giving her legal name, Lilian Norton. The minister chosen by advice to perform the ceremony, the Rev. Mr. Carskenden, was absent from the city. Even to a native the securing of the license and the clergyman might not always be easy, but to Mr. Dömé, a foreigner, only five days in this country, about to wed a celebrity, and desiring privacy, the problem was a difficult one.

I arrived on the afternoon of the event to telegraph to a Chicago paper a review of the Wagner concert which was to close the festival. Two friends, newspaper men, told me at once of the license, a matter which had attracted no general attention because of the misleading name, Norton.

The hotel was already besieged by reporters. Cards had been sent up, but Madame Nordica had seen no one. Presently I learned from her what was the matter. They had been waiting for two days for the Rev. Mr. Carskenden to return to the city. I suggested the Bishop of Indiana, and the suggestion met with approval.

In a little while I alighted at the Episcopal residence. My mission was to arrange for a quiet wedding. But the Bishop was away. The clergyman in charge, the Rev. Mr. Graham, had just left to read Evening Prayer. A storm was in progress, the fringe of the cyclone which that night brought death and ruin to St. Louis and East St. Louis.

Ready for the Wedding: But No Minister

A drive to the church found it locked up and the sexton coming away with the keys. No congregation having arrived, the clergyman had left for home. Another drive to the Bishop's and still neither he nor Mr. Graham had returned. Mrs. Graham, momentarily expecting her husband, received me. It was just eight o'clock, the hour for the concert to open, when I, as a stranger, began to establish a foundation secure enough to arrange for the marriage of two friends just arrived in the city, and without going into such unnecessary details as names. I happened to know the choirmaster once in charge at the church in St. Paul of which the Bishop was rector prior to his election to the Episcopacy, and the acquaintance turned out to be of importance from a conventional point of view.

The hands of the clock went slowly around and still no clergyman. The only sounds without were those of the dripping rain and the cab horse pawing on the asphalt. Twenty-five minutes to nine came. With the assurance that Mr. Graham would positively have returned by that time, I drove back to the hotel. Here fresh delay occurred. The carriage had room inside for but two. As I had not recovered from the effects of a recent illness Madame Nordica would not allow me to sit on the box in the rain with the driver. He left for the stables, promising a two-seated carriage in ten minutes.

The time passed. No carriage came. As I waited under the doorway men with a newspaper air lingered expectantly in the lobby. It was nearly nine. A telephone message to the stables brought word that every vehicle in the city was engaged. The jockey club meeting, a water-works convention, and a musical festival were in progress. But I promised anything, and at 9:30 a carriage met me at the front entrance. Madame Nordica and Mr. Dömé entered it from the side door, and we started off. The coachman drove to Pennsylvania Street and stopped before the desired house which by that time I knew so well.

The wedding was a beautiful one. The minister recited the service effectively, and the dim light of the room made the American Beauty roses that the bride carried take on a deeper shade. There were two witnesses, Mrs. Graham and myself. Outside the rain had stopped its pattering.

While I was signing the marriage certificate I heard a cry of surprise. It was Mrs. Graham calling her husband. As the two ladies sat together on the sofa the clergyman's wife had said to Madame Nordica: "Did you attend the festival?" "Yes, I sang," was the naive reply.

The cry was one of recognition. "You have married Madame Nordica!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham to her husband.

Calvé On and Off the Stage

Madame Calvé and Carmen have, for one generation at least, become identical. In the beginning of the first act her gayety is directed at her colleagues standing in the wings or to some of those about her on the stage. Of the audience she is totally oblivious. Her gayety is infectious. Those who think she is enjoying the part do not know, perhaps, that she is enjoying it in a way that has nothing to do with the scene, though results may be the same.

Half the unpremeditated things that make each performance of Carmen that she gives different from the others seem to be done for the amusement of her colleagues. But when the tragic episodes come it is another thing. Then her absorption in the work is intense, and it is shared by those about her. In the scene where she jilts Don José for Escamillo and the soldier rushes back in savage rage to choke her, the people in the chorus press toward the footlights with a sudden eager interest, breathless in excitement because of the reality of the thing. Then you know the best of all tributes has been offered to her art.

These same people have seen her Carmen again and again; the men of the chorus are stiff from lying about the stage in cramped postures during the earlier part of the act; the chorus at best is of a hardened conventionality that needs no comment. But at such points as these Madame Calvé carries them out of themselves. They rush and huddle about her, uncertain and in suspense. You hear long breaths all about you as the curtain pole touches the stage with a thud that raises a little cloud of dust.

It is worth double the tribute that is coming to her from across the footlights.

But even these absorbed moments are quickly cast aside by Madame Calvé, and in the wings she is presently walking about with Mlle. Bauermeister and Madame Van Cauteren, an arm about each, like a peasant girl on Sunday afternoon. I remember meeting and talking with her at such a moment, and it seemed that the scene which she had just given so intensely was as far away from her mind as if it had happened in some other decade.

One day I went to interview her on the rôle of Anita in La Navarraise. That night La Navarraise was to be given a first performance. I wanted Madame Calvé's individual impressions of the rôle, as the part had been written especially for her. It seemed an unusual opportunity to study the woman psychologically and to get a glimpse of the methods that came from analyzing her own impressions. But of her impressions of Anita in La Navarraise she naively said: "Oh, I have none. Anita is a creature of impulse. The part is not complicated." Then, after knitting her brows, she exclaimed triumphantly: "She does things!" That settled it in Madame Calvé's mind at least. "She does things!"

Once, later, I asked Madame Calvé her ideas of the difference between the two Marguerites, those of Gounod in Faust and Boito in Mefistofele, which she had lately sung. Her answer was that she had read a good translation of Goethe's Faust; that was all.

The first time I met Madame Calvé was during the sensation which she made in Carmen. She appeared to be living the rôle, and while she was talking she would suddenly stop in a sentence, start to the middle of the floor, and begin the Carmen dance, snapping her fingers as we have so often seen her do on the stage. But on that particular afternoon it was not Carmen, but the Queen of England that absorbed her attentions. She showed me a gold Victory studded with diamonds which the Queen had given her, and described how she had sung before Her Majesty. She disagreed when I mentioned the years of retirement in which the Queen saw no performances.

"But she never goes to the theatre like a parvenu; she has us come to her." Really after that there seemed nothing more to say, and even if there had been I rather fear Madame Calvé would have disagreed with me had I said it.

Madame Guy D'Hardelot, the song composer, accompanied Madame Calvé to America one season, and tells the following story:

In describing England to a friend, the singer said: "And all the sheep in England are black."

Madame D'Hardelot, who overheard this, remonstrated.

"Yes," insisted Madame Calvé; "in that climate they could not be anything but black. It's the smoke."

Editor's Note—As a newspaper man and musical critic Mr. Armstrong has met most of the famous musicians of the present day and has had unusual opportunities for knowing them intimately. This is the first of a series of four anecdotal sketches from his pen.

Superstitions of Madame Eames

When Madame Eames once spoke to me of an almost fatal illness I asked, "Were you frightened?"

"Not at all," she answered calmly. "A gypsy read my hand three years ago and prophesied that a very dangerous sickness would come to me and that I would recover."

But there is a contradicting superstition with Madame Eames. To her the thirteenth is not a matter of apprehension as it is to the majority of stage-folk. It is her birthday and the particular day each month when she awaits some piece of luck.

"If there is a compartment on a train, a room—anything and everything numbered thirteen—I try my best to secure it. Thirteen is for me the luckiest of numbers. It almost never fails me."

Madame Eames declares her happiest days are those spent at her castle on the borders of the Forest of Vallombrosa, near Florence, where for a whole month after her arrival music is not mentioned, where she goes out into the garden to select the vegetables for dinner while the dew is yet on the cabbages, and where the world seems very far away.

"Toward evening we wander down in the twilight to the farm. The sheep are being brought in and the stillness is so perfect that the sound of their bells comes to us from the foot of the steep hills. Then, later, we sit in the tower room in the moonlight and some one plays on the piano until, at a primitive hour, even the piano goes to sleep."

Funny Freaks of Yvette Guilbert

Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, in the heyday of her American success, was in splendid spirits. In crossing a certain district on Sunday she was unable to get a bottle of claret.

"If I give it to you, madame," said the waiter, "I shall have to go to jail."

"Then go," said Mlle. Guilbert cheerfully, "but first get me my claret."

One afternoon in Chicago two blank cards were sent up to her by callers desiring her autograph. On the one she wrote, "Yvette Guilbert is a very good singer," and on the other, "Yvette Guilbert is a very naughty singer."

"Now," she said airily, as she dropped them on the tray, "let them choose wheech is wheech."

The pen-and-ink portraits which she made of herself and under which she wrote, "This is Yvette Guilbert when she is pretty, which is seldom," were unique, but her letters in English were more so. Her three wishes were to see a red-headed negro, the stockyards and an American newspaper office. Not being able to show her the first two, I did my best with the third. Finding the engagement that I made impossible, she wrote me:

> "*Dear Sir:* How sorry I am—I have to send a man to fetch you, and he has not find you! I cannot come this evening, because after that matinée and the performance of this evening I will be too tired—having to get up early to-morrow morning to take our train! All my regrets, dear sir, and also all my thanks sincere, for your charming kindness for a little French artiste,
>
> "YVETTE GUILBERT."

Her wisdom was of a worldly description. "For who will give me bread when I no longer please by my songs—the dear publeec? No. Therefore I come to America, and I come high."

New Ideas in Industrial Establishments

By Waldon Fawcett

A NUMBER of prominent mercantile and manufacturing firms in the larger cities of northern Ohio are trying a unique and very interesting experiment. A few years ago one of their number went to some trouble to prepare an estimate of the cost, in the case of his own plant, of carelessness, ignorance and lack of interest on the part of employees. The result of his investigations well-nigh appalled him, and it also came as a revelation to other large employers of labor to whom the tabulated statements were shown. This was the beginning of the crusade for better factory conditions which is now being prosecuted vigorously by more than two dozen firms in Ohio.

The plan for a new era for workingmen, the principle of which is to lighten labor by making it pleasant, has been worked out along many different lines. Among the more notable features which have been embodied in the work at almost every establishment are: The improvement of factories and grounds; the serving of meals at a nominal cost; the establishment of a library; the opening of classes for instruction in various branches; arrangements whereby any employee may make a suggestion relative to the work and to the equipment of the plant; bathing facilities, and the provision of a clothes locker for each employee; the establishment of musical organizations, social and literary clubs; the formation of mutual benefit associations, Sunday-schools and kindergartens; the giving of prizes; and the arrangements for picnics and excursions.

Business Foresight—Not Philanthropy

The work has no suggestion of philanthropy. It is regarded by employers generally as a simple business proposition. They took the ground at the outset that by maintaining the health and increasing the efficiency of employees both employee and employer would be benefited. The complete success of the experiment has amply attested the soundness of this theory. Officials of some of the largest plants where the new order of things has been introduced say that the interest taken in the work and the manner in which it is done show such an improvement that the companies have found that, instead of losing the time and money expended upon these improvements, there has been an actual saving in money, the increased comfort and happiness of the employees having stimulated them to better effort as no rules or discipline could possibly have done.

One of the adjuncts of the new system which is especially conducive to comfort, particularly where factories are operating twenty-four hours a day, is the establishment of a restaurant. As explained above, meals are served at actual cost, with only the smallest possible allowance for service. In a factory employing upward of a thousand men it is manifestly impossible to provide a dining-room for the men, but this difficulty is overcome by giving to a set of six or more men a folding table which can be stored away in compact form when not in use. Each group appoints as monitor some man who is not engaged in the operation of a machine. This monitor is allowed to take the dinner orders of the other men in his group. Half an hour before the time for quitting work for the noon interval he goes with a huge basket to the kitchen and fills the orders.

The Bill of Fare at a Big Factory

In many of the plants a pint of the best coffee obtainable is served for a cent, although on this item the firms lose money. A representative bill of fare is as follows: Sandwiches, all kinds, two cents each; Hamburg steak, one slice of bread, two cents; pork sausage, one slice of bread, two cents; pork and beans, one slice of bread, three cents; half dozen crackers and cheese, two cents; pie, all kinds, three cents a cut; tablespoonful mashed potatoes, one cent; cooked meats, one slice bread, six cents; puddings, three cents; oyster soup (on Friday), five cents a plate; other soups, two and three cents.

A much appreciated feature of each of these improved industrial establishments is the library. Each plant is gradually acquiring a library of its own and to many of them prominent authors have sent, in response to invitations, autograph copies of their works. In addition each factory is made a branch of the public library of the city in which it is located.

The organizations formed among the employees have also, in many instances, accomplished wonderful results. For instance, it is customary in many factories for the orchestra or brass band formed by the employees to give a concert once each week at the factory, and it is frequently assisted by a choral society and soloists, also employees. To these entertainments the families and relatives of the employees are invited. Some of the mutual benefit organizations, although organized only a year or two ago, not only have several thousand dollars in their treasuries, but have each carried in the neighborhood of half a dozen persons on their benefit list continuously since organization.

The Motormen's Club in Cleveland

Another important branch of the work is in the line of neighborhood improvement, and entire sections of a city have been altered at an astonishingly small expense, so as to make an unsightly neighborhood cleanly and attractive. This also is accomplished by organization. Municipal improvement associations are formed among the employees, and even the boys at home are banded into gardening clubs, under the direction of competent landscape gardeners.

At Cleveland the street railway companies have introduced some unique facilities in order to give their employees recreation. Street-car operatives, from the nature of their work, may have intervals of leisure at almost any time of the day or night, and so the companies have provided at their various car barns libraries, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms and bowling alleys for the use of the men at any time. At each barn the men have formed themselves into clubs, from which committees are elected to look after janitor service, etc.

The features enumerated are but a few of many. In connection with one plant or another in this future El Dorado of the workingman are kindergartens, schools for mechanics, industrial schools for girls, domestic economy departments, cooking classes, millinery clubs, dancing schools, bicycle and gymnasium classes. Thousands of dollars in gold are given away every year as prizes for the most creditable records in the various classes and for the best front yards, best kept back yards, and most successful vegetable gardens.

The ROAD HOME

By Madison Cawein

OVER the hills, as the pewee flies,
Under the blue of the Southern skies:
Over the hills, where the red-bird swings
Like a crimson blossom, and soars and sings:

Under the shadow of rock and tree,
Where the warm wind drones with the honey-bee:
And the tall wild-carrots around you sway
Their lace-like flowers of cloudy gray:

Where the black cohosh lifts high its plume
Of pearl, in the woodland's emerald gloom:
And the old rail fence, in the elder's shade,
The myriad hosts of the weeds invade:

Where the butterfly-weed, like a coal of fire,
Blurs orange-red through bush and brier:
Where the pennyroyal and mint smell sweet,
And the blackberry ripens in cool and heat:

The old road leads by the old-time creek
Where the minnow flashes, a silvery streak:
And the cows stand deep in the daisied grass
Where the gleaming dragonflies flit and pass.

The road is easy, however long,
That wends with beauty as toil with song:
And the road we follow shall lead us straight
Past creek and wood to a farmhouse gate.

Past hill and hollow, whence scents are blown
Of hay and clover that scythes have mown,
To a house that stands with porches wide
And gray, low roof on the green hillside.

Colonial, stately, 'mid shade and shine
Of the locust tree and the Southern pine:
With its orchard acres and meadowlands
Stretched out before it like open hands:

And gardens where, in the balmy June
Magnolias lean with many a moon
Of fragrance: and, in the feldspar light
Of August, roses bloom red and white.

In a woodbined arbor, a perfumed place,
A slim girl sits with a happy face:
Her bonnet by her, a sunbeam lies
On her lovely hair, in her earnest eyes:

Her eyes, as blue as the sapphire deeps
Of the heavens above where the high hawk sleeps:
A book beside her, wherein she read
Till she saw *him* coming, she heard *his* tread.

Come home at last: come back from the war:
In his eyes a smile, on his brow a scar:
To the South come back—who wakes from her dream
To the love and the peace of a new régime.

In the Thick of It

By L. B. Walford

"Well, you'll play in the 'Ladies' Links' now, I suppose?"

THE place was gay and full—and he knew nobody. He had come to St. Andrew's because Owen Rashleigh had insisted upon his doing so, harping first upon this string, then upon that; now on the air, now on the scenery, now on the sociability, and the golf was—Great Scott! there was no golf in the world like it.

Gerald Mortimer was not a first-rate golfer, but then he was not a first-rate anything, and he had three weeks' holiday with no bias toward any particular spot.

"You go to St. Andrew's; finest place imaginable," quoth his decisive friend. "Never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

"It certainly sounds rather jolly, but"—Mortimer hesitated—"you see, I've got to go alone."

"That's nothing; I went alone and didn't know a soul; but I hadn't been there two days before I was in the thick of it. All you have to do is to walk on to the links—you meet the whole world there—run up against a pal the first thing, he introduces you to his people, and there you are—in the thick of it," emphatically and conclusively.

"All right, I'll go," said Mortimer.

He arrived one morning early, having traveled from London by the night train; and the change from the jaded atmosphere and deserted streets of the metropolis in August to the breezy freshness and vivacity of the little northern city in the full swing of its season was so exhilarating as to cause him in his heart to bless the pertinacity of his counselor. Certainly Rashleigh knew what he was talking about.

And as he was so soon to be "in the thick of it," it might be as well to take stock of the place before being sucked into the whirlpool. Rashleigh had owned that though he knew St. Andrew's to be a place of historic interest—"Of course we all know that," he said—for the life of him he could never find time "to rummage round." "Advise you to do the place before you get 'into the thick of it,'" he nodded sagely. "There are ruins and all that, all over the shop; but you'll never go near them once you've started on the links, once you're 'in the thick of it.'" Mr. Rashleigh was not a young gentleman with an extensive vocabulary, and was therefore obliged to work assiduously what he had.

Wisdom, however, does not always lurk beneath the choicest phrases; and when Gerald Mortimer, by the aid of a guide book, had explored hither and thither, owning as he did so that what he saw was much more worth seeing than the lions of many a more vaunted spot, he applauded the pertinacity of his mentor. Now he was free for the whirlpool, duty done, conscience satisfied.

The following morning dawned bright and blue as before, and our young man, who had slept soundly and breakfasted heartily, reflected that the time had come for the rest of the program to be carried out; he would be off to the links, treading in the steps of his predecessor; and in confident anticipation of the "pal" against whom he was to run up, off he set, looking cheerfully into every face he passed. Of course he could not expect to do much, if any, golf that day, but perceiving that every one carried clubs, he shouldered a knowing bundle. Several "courses" were open to all comers, and it was well to be prepared.

He had taken the precaution of asking Rashleigh what he would have done had he encountered no one he knew, and the answer had been, "Oh, there were lots of fellows in the hotel," airily delivered.

But in Mortimer's lodgings—for he could not afford hotel prices—there were no fellows; only a middle-aged clergyman with a family of children who made excursions, overran the little staircase, and crammed up its narrow doorway with their bicycles. They were no good.

Still, Rashleigh had said St. Andrew's was the most sociable place in existence; he could afford to dispense with amenities betwixt his fellow-lodgers and himself; he would soon have interests and engagements elsewhere. Gayly therefore he set off, and smart and pleasant he looked, prepared for anything, and only not prepared (like the immortal "Scrooge") for nothing.

Yet it was this very "nothing" which he had to meet and to face day after day. One hardly likes to think how lonely a human being can be in the midst of jubilant holiday-making on every side, if there has been no kindly hand extended, no friendly door opened to him.

One hardly likes to follow this poor boy going out and coming in among the gay throngs, seeing and hearing good fellowship everywhere, but having neither part nor lot in it. One feels he must have blundered somehow.

Yet the fact remained that at the end of a week Mortimer had a nodding acquaintance with three men—with one of whom he had also an occasional match on the "Jubilee Course"—but that none of the three had shown that keenness to introduce him prophesied by Rashleigh, and with them began and ended the sociability of St. Andrew's so far as he was concerned.

What was worse, he caught tantalizing echoes of it, wishing he did not. Sometimes it would be: "You are coming to us to-night?" "Sorry I can't, but I'm fixed up. Such a lot going on." Or again, "Can't Miss So-and-So get *any one* for her partner at the tournament?" "No, everybody's engaged."

And he was never "fixed up" and never "engaged." He had played the fool by coming to such a place.

Mortimer was so thinking, seated on a bench overlooking the "Ladies' Links," with a dejected mien that possibly told its own tale to a fellow-watcher, for the latter, a stout, elderly gentleman with a rubicund countenance, suddenly wheeled around and faced him.

"Don't do much in that line, eh?" indicating a spirited contest being carried on beneath their view.

A flush of mortification overspread the young man's cheeks. He had not once played in this gay quarter; no one had asked him.

"It's not such bad fun, you know," said his companion, apologetically. "I dare say you despise it, but if you look upon the putting you get here as practice, it's not time lost. Look ye there; there are So-and-So, and So-and-So"—indicating two well-known golfers—"they come regularly here when they have done their rounds on the links; they come for the practice—and fun—and flirtation. I dare say you know all about it, though."

"I know nothing whatever about it." ("Much as I should like to know," he added mentally.)

"Eh? But I've seen you here before?"

Mortimer assented.

"Don't know many people, perhaps?"

"I don't know anybody."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the old gentleman. Then he wheeled still further around on his own pivot and took a good stare. "You'll think me impertinent, perhaps, but I can't for the life of me imagine what any one can be doing at St. Andrew's who doesn't know anybody. Unless, of course," with an afterthought, "of course, if you are a swell golfer?—No? You're not? Well then, sir, excuse my saying it, but I ask again, in that case what the deuce are you doing here?"

Mortimer laughed aloud. A month, a week ago, and he would have taken the brusque familiarity in a very different spirit, but it expressed so exactly his own feeling at the moment, that the humor of the coincidence struck him, and he answered jocularly:

"Why, sir, since you put it so, I may as well confess that you have asked the very question I was asking myself just now. What the deuce *am* I doing here? I should be very much obliged to any person who would give me a satisfactory answer."

"Ha-ha-ha! You are disposed to make light of it, I see; and quite right, too. Nothing like keeping up one's spirits. Still, I fancy you looked a little bit the other way, just now? Don't tell me if you'd rather not," hastily.

"I do not mind telling you," said Mortimer, after a momentary hesitation. "I am here alone and friendless. I have been here a week. It has been the dreariest week I ever knew;" a faint, irrepressible bitterness made itself audible in the last words.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated his new acquaintance again.

"London is so vile in August," proceeded Mortimer, rather surprised at his own communicativeness, for as a rule his nature was reserved, and especially reserved regarding his personal affairs; but there was a cheerfulness, a buoyancy in the other's air which insensibly drew him on; "and as I live in London all the year round with the exception of my three weeks' holiday, I had a longing to get as far from it as I could. I had nowhere in particular to go, and a friend recommended St. Andrew's on account of its air, its scenery, and its sociability," recapitulating Owen Rashleigh's words with a mocking echo of their emphasis. "I play a little golf, too," he appended.

"Who doesn't? But you can get golf anywhere. You say you have to live most of the year in London? In the city? Eh?"

"No, sir; I am in a publishing house."

"In a *what?*" With a perceptible and unmistakable start his interrogator again wheeled and stared. "A *what?*"

"In a publishing house."

"You in a publishing house!"

"Certainly. Why not?" unable to hide a smile, for the old gentleman was breathing fast and furiously, regarding him with eyebrows that stood out in front till they almost met, and putting into requisition his favorite ejaculation at intervals under his breath.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" thought Mortimer.

"Well, then, to-night at seven-thirty," said Mr. Lamington, rising after a prolonged conversation. "Queer, isn't it, that you and I should have knocked up against each other like this, when the very thing I was thinking of was how to get that little thing of mine into print? It's—it's a fancy I have; I don't want any one to know about it. If I had cared to blazon it before the world, as my partner did, and had every one running to him and pouring flatteries down his ear till you wondered how he could swallow it all—but that's not my style. I'm a plain British merchant, and have no ambition to be anything else; still, there's no reason why a man mayn't indulge himself in a little hobby of his own, and this is mine. I can afford to pay for my whistle, so there need be no bother upon that score. If your firm will take it up——"

"You understand, however, Mr. Lamington, that our opinion would be in no way affected—that is to say, of course it would be affected—in a degree, but still we could not engage—I am speaking frankly—to publish anything which would be, would not be—not be——"

"To your credit. Very properly. Well, that will be for you to decide. You dine with us to-night at Gibson Place, and we will take a quiet opportunity for our little bit of business afterward. Not a word to any one, you understand."

It was with a new sensation that Gerald took out his watch as the sun began to decline in the west, and turned in at his own door. His dress suit lay in a drawer, unlooked at since it was laid there; and he was conscious of quite a silly emotion of pleasure in taking it out, rummaging for the various small accoutrements which went therewith, and, finally, in arraying himself carefully for Mr. Lamington's dinner-party.

It was to be a dinner-party—that he understood—and after parting with his new acquaintance he had seen the latter join a group of ladies and walk off with them. Later, he had seen him again with another group. Evidently, whoever was or was not, the old gentleman was "in the thick of it."

The idea of lodgings puzzled Mortimer a little, it is true, but on arriving at his destination he soon perceived that there are lodgings and lodgings. The door was opened to him by an impressive personage; other men-servants stood about; he was shown into a neat room in which to take off coat and hat, and conducted up a well-lit staircase into a spacious apartment full of people and gay with voices and laughter. The whole thing was *en règle*.

And that being the case, Gerald Mortimer knew what he was about.

A pretty girl was assigned to him and he conducted her to the dining-room, found their seats, and looked about him with infinite content. Of course he would talk golf, *that* he could do well enough, and by and by he found that Miss Muriel Lamington could talk of other things, and was, strange to say, only too glad to get off the hackneyed topic.

"It is such a comfort to find some one who can forget for a moment that we are at St. Andrew's," she laughed. "My father told me you were not a rabid enthusiast, but I was afraid you would take it for granted that I was."

During the remainder of the dinner golf was tabooed.

And what a charming companion Muriel was! Her tastes, her interests, her ideas coincided with his own to quite an extraordinary extent. She had read many of his favorite books. She was called the bookworm of the family. She had a collection. Also a collection of old prints and engravings, and knew the best places to hunt them out. The two grew more and more engrossed with each other.

In a word, Mortimer was captivated, and would have been so, more or less, with a companion so lively, pretty and sympathetic had he met her under any circumstances, while now——

"Didn't give your left-hand lady much of your society, my boy." It was his host who pulled a face of jocular significance and nudged his young friend while breathing the above aside, directly the door shut upon the rustle of silks and satins. "I thought you and Muriel would hit it off. I told my wife to give her to you. Well, you'll play in the 'Ladies' Links' now, I suppose? Has she asked you, eh?"

But she had not asked him.

"Not?" said her father, surprised. "Come now, that's too bad. That girl doesn't appreciate her advantages. She only plays in a half-hearted way herself, but I thought you would stir her up—at any rate, I thought she'd ask you."

Mortimer was silent.

"Sit here," continued Mr. Lamington, indicating a chair next himself. "They are all cracked about it," in an undertone, with a glance at the other men who were now all eagerly conversing in a group. "Between ourselves, I'm of my daughter's opinion on one point—I hate the endless golf talk. I like my game, but when it's done, it's done" (he was no great performer, as Mortimer found afterward), "and what the deuce does it matter to any one how you 'bunkered' or 'stymied' or 'foozled' your ball? Just hark to them!" nodding at the party from whose lips the words were issuing at the moment. "Muriel says it makes her sick!" appended he with a comic look.

By and by came the moment for which he was impatient. Permitting the others to reënter the drawing-room, he drew his young friend aside into a small room where a lamp was burning; on a table littered with papers Mortimer's practiced eye went at once to a roll of large blue foolscap.

"Yes, that's it." Mr. Lamington perceived the glance. "Not my own writing—in fact, typewritten as you see. You won't object to that?"

He was assured that so far from objecting, Mortimer greatly preferred typewritten "copy"; Mortimer smiled to himself as he said so. There was something so engaging in the other's simplicity and modesty—for directly he touched upon the subject of his literary effort the old man became as

bashful as a child, stammering and stuttering and excusing himself for what clearly was in his eyes a weakness—and to Mortimer's mind there was such an unusual and amusing lack of self-confidence, joined to a pardonable desire to be appreciated by others, that he already felt a curiosity about the subject of all this such as did not often stir his breast.

As a rule, he cast something of an evil eye over manuscripts efforts. He was not on the lookout for new geniuses But for Mr. Lamington's self-depreciation and his strict injunctions to secrecy, he would have expected something of the common order and been bored by the necessity for having to look through it. As it was, it might be worth something who could say? At any rate, he would do the very best he could for Muriel's father

But hearken to Muriel's father; what was he saying?

"Nothing of this on the links, you know. Come here when you're ready for a talk. What about Sunday evening for supper? Always have supper—not dinner—on Sundays We should be by ourselves for a word or two afterward Would you be ready with your opinion by Sunday evening?

Mortimer assured him he would be ready

Before he went to bed that night he was ready, too ready Alas! for all future hopes and visions; alas! for the mirage which had glistened so fair before his longing eyes. Farewell to a long series of Sunday evening suppers which had mentally extended to Portland Place and winter months. Farewell to Muriel Lamington!

What shocking, hopeless balderdash was this, and how in the name of all that was mysterious could that respectable old fellow have taken it into his head to suppose that any human being would care to read such a farrago of stupid, pointless nonsense?

It aimed at being funny, too; included jokes and puns of the most infantile quality. There was no story at all—yet it was certainly supposed to be a story Mortimer groaned as he turned the pages When he had finished he sat stock still, and the thing dropped from between his fingers

Then came the temptation. Why not shift the burden on to other shoulders, dispatch the story and say the best he could for it—make up something that would pass muster in the meantime, while awaiting the inevitable refusal from headquarters

They would wonder; but he could put that straight on his return to town Privately he would have a laugh over the affair with the head of the house, who was friendly and would understand the situation

He looked about him for writing materials, and went so far as to direct a large envelope which would just take in the roll—or he thought so. He was mistaken, however, and the check afforded time for that most valuable commodity, a second thought. Gerald Mortimer was an honest young man and he was about to do a dishonest thing. Should he do it? He sat down in his chair again and considered

Then he reopened the roll and, frowning, attempted another perusal. But he had not judged too harshly: he had not, as for a minute he fondly hoped, been too hasty and critical. It was worse, absolutely worse than he had thought

Blunders were rife; some of them could have been remedied, perhaps, but on one more appalling than the rest the whole so-called plot hinged. And the writing—how crude, how involved! A schoolboy or schoolgirl would have turned out a class composition better.

"The old fool!" muttered Mortimer

He felt more than aggrieved, insulted It dawned upon him that he must have worn to his tormentor the air of a person likely to swallow anything, and that all the amiability and hospitality shown him resolved itself into this, that it had been hoped he would bolt the disgusting trash which other palates had resisted with nausea.

"But I won't," cried he

Indignation supplied a stimulus; he sprang to his feet and flung open the window. Leaning out into the solemn stillness of the night, his pulses quieted, he breathed more calmly and a better mind returned. Poor Mr. Lamington! It was not his fault that Heaven had denied him both inspiration and perception; it was unfair to suspect so worthy and kindly a creature of having failed in other quarters whilst affecting to be now putting forth his first venture.

Well, then, what was to be done? Nothing but to open the poor man's eyes, and that so effectually that they should never close again

But at least he could wait before performing the cruel operation; there could be no hurry, and he might improve his acquaintanceship with the family, and get to know them better collectively and individually before—the deluge. They might stand by him then, despite conjugal and parental wrath. Mrs. Lamington looked a good natured woman, and with the feminine portion of the community on his side he could snap his fingers at Paterfamilias.

It would be rather playing it low down on the old gentleman, perhaps. He would have to feel himself somewhat cheap and mean as the recipient of friendly overtures and good fellowship under false pretenses (for he was not in the least deceived as to the real meaning of all that had come to pass), but, hang it all, surely a little *finesse* was pardonable He would tell the truth when it came to the scratch

Upon this course he had almost decided when he took up the loathed roll of paper for the third time

That third time settled the matter. Without permitting himself to argue the case further, Mortimer set his teeth and wrote the following lines clearly and rapidly. Strange to say, he found himself at no loss for words

"DEAR MR. LAMINGTON,

"I have gone carefully through the inclosed, and regret to say that I cannot recommend my house to publish it. I am extremely sorry, as it would have given me especial pleasure to have forwarded it for the consideration of my principal, but I know this would be of no use eventually, and you would prefer to hear the truth at once. Had there been any doubt about the matter I would only too gladly have given you the benefit of it

"Yours very truly, GERALD MORTIMER

A brusque effusion. He might have worded it far more delicately and yet have conveyed the required impression

What was worse, he caught fascinating echoes of it

but it was two o'clock in the morning and his head was in a buzz. His one resolution was not to so mince matters as to permit the slightest misapprehension

And verily there was none. No one could make out what had put Mr. Lamington into so vile a temper the following forenoon. He had come down to breakfast genial and happy, but two hours later had reappeared from his private room snapping off the heads of all who came in the way' Something must have happened in those two hours. It was not the fault of the post, for his letters had been opened publicly and caused no change of mood. Still, the women warned each other to beware and, according to custom, crept under cover—to be exact, scattered out of the way till the storm blew over

They expected it to be over shortly; for, though irascible, the old gentleman was speedily appeased, and had an almost childlike volubility of nature, which made him on the whole easy to get along with, but on the present occasion his wife was too soon with her, "Shall we ask Mr. Mortimer to join our bicycle party?"

She had remarked on Mr. Mortimer's good looks and agreeability during breakfast, and been complacently hearkened to, so was unprepared indeed for the thundering, "No! Nonsense!" that her innocent suggestion evoked

"Mortimer's a conceited young ass," continued Mr. Lamington gruffly, "I wish I had let him alone. This comes of trying to be good-natured and being too free with your invitations before you know your ground. I thought he looked rather dull and lonely, and it would be a kindness to have him here—put a bit of business in his way, too"—choking a little, "and I'm hanged if he hasn't written me the cheekiest letter about it—no, miss, there's no need for you to see the letter," to Muriel who, with unfeigned surprise and discomfiture painted on her features, was obviously about to make the demand. "It is between Mr. Mortimer and me, and concerns no one else; but I'll tell you so much, it's quite enough to prevent my ever asking him here again; and if you take my advice you'll steer clear of him, also."

"Of course, if he has been impertinent to y—"

"He has."

There was no more to be said. Mortimer never went to Gibson Place on Sunday evening, never if he could help it met the Lamington girls after being twice passed with only the most formal of acknowledgments of his salutation, never went near the "Ladies' Links" for fear of meeting some of the party

It would have been worse if matters had gone further, he tried to comfort himself. If he had got to care for Muriel Lamington, for instance. Or if he had entangled himself in a tissue of falsehoods with her father Or if he had had a gnawing conscience As it was, he thought he would leave St. Andrew's

"Now, my dear boy, there's a clean breast for you, and I am my own man again.'

Gerald Mortimer stood in old Mr. Lamington's private room, and gazed upon the speaker with incredulous eyes

'When a man gets to be nearly seventy years of age he doesn't like being found out playing the fool," continued the latter, "and your honesty just about bowled me over for the time. I may as well confess that I took it hard. Besides although I hadn't written a word of the trash, I was ashamed to see that you had such an infernally low opinion of what *I* thought would pass muster well enough It was not till I had the pluck to read it right through over again after your verdict (and that was not till yesterday) that I said to myself, 'Good Lord! I wouldn't be found drowned with that thing in my pocket!'

"You had the courage to tell the truth, sir, and your doing so has forced the truth out of me. I bought that beastly rubbish from some poor devil who concocted it, and was willing to let me put my name to it. I found there was a pl— in the Strand where these very honorable transactions are carried on; and my partner having made some sort of a splash with a ridiculous brochure of which he is as vain as a peacock, I was prompted to try and cut him out. Honestly, I thought this story, if not first rate, was good enough. I'm not much of a reader, but it seemed smart and racy—eh, what? I see you smile. No doubt, no doubt. I know one thing, I didn't dare submit it to Muriel, and I was a great deal bothered how I was to get over her scrutiny and questions. Thank Heaven, that difficulty is at an end! I have one more ordeal to go through. Mr. Mortimer, I owe you reparation as well as a very handsome apology. Come here." Suddenly he rose, kicked aside his chair, and was at the door of the adjacent apartment before Mortimer could realize what was about to happen. Mrs. Lamington and her daughters were within

"My dear," said her husband, stepping forward and looking over his shoulder for his companion to follow, "I owe it to this young gentleman to say that the misunderstanding which has existed between us since the first evening he was here is due solely, completely to me. I put him in an awkward position—no matter how—he behaved like a gentleman and an honorable man, and I, to my shame—aye, you may look, but I'll say it, for it's true—I took it amiss and set you all on to take it amiss It was at my instigation they dropped you, Mortimer—"

"Dear papa!" Dear papa was really rather too outspoken Muriel and her sister looked a shade annoyed.

Mrs Lamington was, however, no whit more abashed than her husband. She came up to Mortimer and took his hand "When my Hugh has done anybody an injury he can't be satisfied till he has done him a benefit. What can we do for you, Mr. Mortimer?"

What they did for him is an old story now. Mortimer was soon as much at home in the great Portland Place mansion as in the St. Andrew's lodgings; and by and by he had another crucial interview with Muriel's father, which closed with another outbreak of admiration and exultation

"Character for me. Never mind the rest. I'll put that straight. You are an honest young fellow and you shall have my daughter. Once you had the truthfulness to tell m— well, well, we won't hark back. I had my lesson and I'm grateful to the man who gave it me.

"Muriel's yours. God bless you. I say, Gerald, you and she will go golfing with us in the autumn, though, I hope?"

And we may be quite sure that thenceforth Gerald Mortimer, wherever he went, was "in the thick of it."

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The Shark in the Yellow Sea

THE "chancelleries of the world," of which, since we have become a "world power," we may call our State Department one, are groping timidly and not very hopefully for a way out of the thorny Chinese thicket. No doubt the Powers will blunder through to some sort of tolerable standing ground, but the difficulties in the way are staggering. The task of ruling China through foreign officials would be one of such immensity that the most buoyant bearers of the white man's burden might be excused for shrinking from it. The partition of the Empire would mean that each of the Powers would have to govern seventy or eighty millions of the most refractory subjects on earth.

There is a third course which will not be adopted, unless it should be forced upon the Powers by the impossibility of carrying out any other program, but which would have certain rather marked advantages. That is the plan of taking the Chinese at their word and letting them alone—first, of course, exacting due reparation for the crimes of the present summer.

The western world in former times got along very well without intercourse with China. We are concerned now about Chinese markets, but it would take the profits on a good many years of Chinese trade to pay the cost of the present little unpleasantness. A good deal of that Chinese commerce upon which the civilized world has been congratulating itself has been the sale of Krupp guns, Mauser rifles and cartridges.

The "Yellow Terror" that has been the nightmare of some ingenious writers is the product of the attempt to break down the seclusion of China by force. The Chinese have not displayed any inclination to disturb Europe. All they seem to want is to be let alone. Some day the western world may consider seriously whether it would not be best to let them have their way in that respect. Imagine China wiped off from the map—every foreign minister, consul, missionary and trader withdrawn from Chinese soil, every Chinese representative abroad sent home, and all the 150,000 Chinese inhabitants of the United States deported. It would make considerable disturbance in the present arrangements of the world, but possibly less than would be produced by a China awake, armed, and stirred to ambitious activity. A country that could put ten million men in the field without missing them from the ordinary activities of life, and whose rule of warfare is to give no quarter to man, woman or child, is one whose desire for "splendid isolation" might, perhaps, be more profitably encouraged by civilized powers than suppressed.

Probably such a policy could be substantially carried out without an entire sacrifice of Chinese trade. The bulk of that trade now goes through a few ports, such as Shanghai and Canton, where the local populace has become accustomed to foreigners, and these points of contact might be preserved even if all relations between the western world and China as a whole were abandoned. If we should give up the attempt to force our civilization upon the rest of the country, China might settle back into the torpor of ages, and the yellow peril might be forgotten.

Of course it is annoying to have to hold your hand just as you are about to throw your harpoon into a whale. But what if the whale turns out to be a shark?

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

The one man who never complained about the weather was Job, and he had enough troubles to keep him from bothering over the temperature.

When in Doubt—Send Flowers

"WHEN in doubt, lead flowers"—such would seem to be the cardinal rule in the social game. The flower, in fact, has come to be an established factor in the economy of society—an important part of its subsidiary coinage, so to speak. It congratulates, it condoles, it acknowledges; therefore its uses and misuses and abuses are well worth a moment's consideration.

In Mr. Aldrich's well-known verses three roses, plucked from the same bush (or sold over the same counter—for the blight of "business" is upon the whole floral kingdom), meet three diverse destinies. What would have been the fate of a fourth? Would it have withered in the hot, vitiated air of a ballroom, or frozen during a late November constitutional from house to office, or—worst of all—have been forced to adorn the triumph of some alderman elect? For the flower has finally been pushed into politics: it coöperates with other flowers to compose "tributes." May the very excesses that have followed its advent into the municipal council chamber lead us back presently to the region of sense and propriety! When the chaste hands of Alderman Hooligan's supporters "bring lilies" to celebrate the return of the crime-broker-in-chief to his honored post, or when Alderman Casey's "Indians" jubilate over the success of toughness by means of a seven-foot chieftain done, tomahawk and all, in red carnations—then, surely, the pathway toward reform should invite us, nor invite us in vain.

Essentially, the carnation Indian is no worse than the "broken column" or the "wedding bell"; the results form the same idea pushed a little further, and denote a like perversity of thought and a like falsity of taste. Let us banish the incongruous, which is often only another word for the over-ingenious. In the case of flowers, a little right feeling is worth all the ingenuity and "appropriateness" in the world. Let us revolt from the rule of the professional florist, whose taste is usually as bad as that of the professional hairdresser, and whose virtuosity, when allowed its way unchecked, is as far-fetched and intolerable.

And along with incongruity, let us banish lavishness. Mass, bulk, mixture, pressure—all these are death to the flower. Try, with the Japanese, to consider the flower as an individual, and treat it with the sentiment that an individual may inspire; nobody can care for a mob—not even a mob done up in a flounce of lace paper. If a bouquet is really imperative, then let it follow the slow suavity of an *andante:* between a scramble of sound and a jumble of color there is but little choice. Avoid both. Give each note, each flower its chance. In brief, the flower asks of us only what the material employed in every art and *métier* may ask from the shaping and directing hand. The rules are but two—moderation and harmony. "Do not heap us up, do not join us together; such excess is vulgar. Do not wire us on toothpicks and force us into the similitude of all the 'appropriate' objects to be encountered in the heavens above or in the earth beneath; such misplaced and misjudged ingenuity is heinous—a stout negation of any claim to taste, to sentiment, to respect for Nature's finest handiwork."

—HENRY B. FULLER.

The higher the campaign balloon rises the more the gas escapes.

American Tourists and Foreign Scenery

AMERICANS, awed and interested by the marvels of Europe, are prone to think that everything they see abroad is better than what they see at home. The tendency shows itself in a myriad of ways. The majority of Americans, while on the other side of the Atlantic, scarcely dare believe that the Brooklyn bridge is large. In this Exposition year, when so many more than usual are abroad, it is more than ever important that a just sense of proportion be preserved. The wonders of Europe should be studied and admired, but there should be no sweeping depreciation of what Americans may justly hold in honor.

Let one illustration—that of the River Rhine—stand as an example of the mistaken views of many tourists. From the decks of Rhine steamers Americans go into raptures over the beauty of the river itself, its width, its bordering heights, and the picturesqueness of its ruins and its legends. They think that nothing in America can compare with the Rhine.

But, without criticising the claims of the Rhine to beauty, let the American compare it with the superb splendor of the Hudson. Without questioning the grandeur of the view from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein or belittling its history, let him think of his own West Point—of the wonderful view from its heights, of its connection with our early history, of the famous names that the mention of it brings to mind.

Without belittling the beauty of the view that includes the "castled crag of Drachenfels," let the grave beauty of Indian Head be remembered, with its name so richly suggestive of a vanished people. When the tourist gazes at the monument to Emperor William I at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, let him picture the sombre dignity of the monument to Grant that rises beside the Hudson. When he admires the splendid sweeps of the river near Coblentz, let him remember the wonderful beauty of the Tappan Zee. When he looks at the rocks that rise, dark and precipitous, from the very water's edge, near St. Goarshausen, let him think of the splendid line of Palisades that stretches so imposingly along the Hudson. In beauty the American river far surpasses the Rhine.

But the Rhine is rich in historical and legendary lore? Yes. But ruin after ruin is passed, and about almost all of them there hang dark tales of murder and rapine and cruelty. Some tales there are of jealousy and revenge. Some are more attractive, but the average Rhine legend is not of a high or interesting class. That the Rhine has been illumined by the touch of many geniuses is to be admitted, and it is a pleasure to see the spots made famous in literature.

But let not the American forget his own Hudson, with its legends of the vanished Indians and the early Dutch, its rich coloring from the hands of Irving, its touch by the magician Cooper. It has its Fort Washington and its Anthony's Nose. It has its Stony Point, where was performed one of the most brilliant achievements in all military history. It has its Sleepy Hollow, its Sunnyside, its ancient manor houses. It has the fine old mansion at Newburgh, rich in recollections of Washington and the Revolutionary War. It has that other fine old mansion where Washington, as a young man, vainly paid court to the handsome Mary Phillipse. The list could be long continued. Beauty of scenery, of historical and literary association, of legendary lore, all are there.

Enjoy and profit by all that Europe can give—and a wonderful amount it is—but do not underrate our own country.

Longfellow found keen enjoyment in Europe, and a wondrous profit to his mind and his poetical genius. But while he wrote some pretty ballads from European inspiration, his clear eyes saw the value of subjects on this side of the Atlantic, and he wrote with rare beauty of Evangeline and Miles Standish and of the deathless charm of the legends of Hiawatha. And it was Longfellow who quaintly made his Poet say that a Revolutionary hero

> "To me a grander shape appears
> Than old Sir William, or what not,
> Clinking about in foreign lands
> With iron gauntlets on his hands,
> And on his head an iron pot!"

—ROBERT SHACKLETON.

Most creeds are of one faith, except a faith in one another.

New Chances for the Historian

ONE curious and serious mistake made by most students of literature arises out of a failure to comprehend the true scope of the task undertaken.

One may have Elizabethan poetry by heart and be able to catalogue from memory every considerable writer of the virgin Queen's reign without possessing much in the way of a truly comprehensive knowledge, workable and enlightening in the broadest sense.

Few "literary" students arrive at a knowledge of literature, because few are deep delvers into history.

The "professor of literature" must know literature; but if he knows literature he knows history—not merely political history, not battles and generals, not religious struggles and reforms, not migrations and agricultural progress and educational changes, but all of these he must know and the reasons under them.

We have long sighed and waited for a distinctively American literature. This could not come, because a distinctively American civilization had not crystallized. Our history has been forming amazingly of late and there have been good signs of deeper self-study. What if the present growing taste for an historical flavor in literature, as evidenced by the popularity of historical novels, should turn out to be the real beginning of a truly national literature?

Let us hope that the enthusiastic (if crude) beginning will not be retarded by unscientific and illiberal criticism. A nation's literature should be a nation's history reduced to art.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Possibly the progress of woman would be more rapid if she were not held back by dragging skirts.

With the Consent of the Governed

IF THERE is any one article of our political faith that is more firm than another it is that all government should be based upon the consent of the governed. It was the declaration of this right that made the Republic, and it has been the recognition of it that has kept it strong. Consequently, if we apply the golden rule we must take into consideration the wishes of those who come under our care. There is little doubt that in Hawaii the responsible people of the islands not only consented to, but were anxious for, annexation, and so they were annexed. Porto Rico and Guam came in as spoils of war. The people of Guam do not bother much about political questions so long as they are not bothered too much in their indolent life. Porto Rico has not had an opportunity of declaring herself, although the expressions of opinion on the tariff placed upon her were in no way complimentary to the United States and the Declaration of Independence.

Cuba and the Philippines, however, show an energetic disposition to discuss the question. The Filipinos not only desire their own government, but they are fighting for it. Governor Wood, of Cuba, in a recent interview said in reply to a question: "Generally speaking, the people are anxious for an independent form of government." These things will unquestionably enter into the final destiny of our new wards, and it may be well for us to remember that while we discuss their faith from the standpoint of policy, they are apt, with that innocence which belongs to children and simple people, to recall the primary principles. And that ought to make us think, too.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

At one hundred millions a year the Filipinos come high, and even at that they don't seem to want us to have them.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

CAPTAIN McCALLA

The Awful Fate of Gordon and the Egyptians

"What a farce, if it did not deal with men's lives," wrote Gordon while the tragedy in the Soudan was going on in 1884 and 1885. That series of blunders which cost so many splendid men is one of the unhappiest chapters in British history, and the climax of it was one of the most frightful massacres in history. Gordon—the same "Chinese" Gordon who conquered the Taiping Rebellion—was besieged in Khartum.

He had gone there to relieve the Egyptian forces and to get them back home or to conquer their enemies. His Government wanted him to return, but he wrote these words: "I declare positively and once for all that I will not leave the Soudan until every one who wants to go down is given the chance to do so, unless a government is established which relieves me of the charge. Therefore if any commissary or letter comes up here ordering me to go down I will not obey it, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all risks."

For 317 days the siege of Khartum continued. Those in Khartum were brought to the last extremity. The famine was fearful. All kinds of animals—even cats and rats—were eaten, and the Egyptian troops received each day only one ration of gum and bread made out of the pith of the palm tree. Through all this Gordon maintained discipline, and it is said that during the last fifteen days of the siege he did not sleep two hours a day. In January the British troops were moving to Gordon's relief and were within a few days' march of the city, when on January 26, 1885, the Mahdi, at half-past three in the morning, made a vigorous assault. There were charges of treachery among Gordon's officers and facts are not altogether explained, but what is known is that the Arabs won the fight and overwhelmed the city. At once they began the massacre which makes one shudder even to this day. For six hours it continued. Over 4000 people, including Gordon and all his officers and all foreigners, were slain. Only the black troops were saved. Then the city was pillaged. The women were distributed among the Arabs, and even the black men who were not killed were stripped of everything and turned into the desert. It was one of the most horrible orgies of blood and lust the century had known.

The Tragedy of the Century

If the story of Khartum has never been told what may we expect of the tragedies in China! The horrors in their details will never be known, and perhaps it is just as well, for the ghastly facts of the massacres themselves are enough to sicken any soul. For days and weeks the foreigners, their families and those under their charge and the troops which were sent to protect them, held out and fought nobly to the end, but the odds were too many, even for the highest heroism, and thus the slaughters happened. It was a sad time for the world, and while the international politics and the question of the division of China seem uppermost in the discussions of the event, the most frightful thing after all is the horrible killing of these splendid men and women. Christianity preaches a gospel that does not allow revenge, but often a man goes beyond his creed, and it was not surprising to see nations whose citizens had been murdered eagerly demanding recompense in blood as well as in money for the atrocities.

The tragedy of the century seems to call for extreme sentiments as well as extreme measures.

The same Chinese Gordon who perished so miserably in the Soudan brought to a victorious end the Taiping Rebellion in which twenty million lives were lost. One of the armies surrendered on the promise that their lives would be spared. Gordon gave his word of honor and his written promise, but within a short time all these troops were slaughtered in cold blood on the orders of Li Hung Chang, the same Li Hung Chang who is now looked up to as the greatest of all the Chinese statesmen and one upon whose word the nations may place dependence. Gordon told Li very plainly what he thought of him, and it might be well for those who trust in Chinese statesmen to revive the literature of that frightful episode for its usefulness in the present emergency! If Li cannot be trusted, what Chinaman can?

Historic Massacres that Have Slain Millions

Over two hundred great massacres are recorded in history and about forty of them took place in the present century. Millions of lives have been sacrificed in this brutal way. At the destruction of Jerusalem more than a million Jews were put to the sword. When the Roman Emperor, Caracalla, visited Alexandria, A. D. 215, he revenged certain insulting remarks by a massacre of thousands of the citizens. In 390, 7000 persons invited into the circus at Thessalonica were put to the sword by order of Theodosius. In 1282 the French who had conquered Sicily were ruthlessly slain by the natives, and the incident which began the massacre was the rude behavior of a Frenchman toward a Sicilian bride. In this affair more than eight thousand were killed. In 1512 the Turks massacred 65,000 Christians in Croatia.

On August 24, 1572, the massacre of St. Bartholomew began in Paris and continued through France until 70,000 Huguenots, including women and children, were murdered by secret orders from Charles IX, instigated by Catherine de Medici.

In O'Neill's Rebellion, in 1641, 154,000 Protestants were massacred in Ireland.

When Suwarrow, called "the most merciless general of modern times," captured Ismail, Bessarabia, on December 22, 1790, he put 30,000 Turkish soldiers to the sword, ordered the massacre of 6000 women, and allowed his men to pillage the city. In September, 1792, during the French Revolution, a great massacre occurred in Paris and several thousand people were slain. These are simply a few dreadful instances from past centuries.

Rich as it is in the achievements of civilization and humanity the present century is deeply stained with blood. One of the most frightful of its massacres took place at Chios, an island in the Greek Archipelago, during the Greek insurrection in 1822. The Turks slew in cold blood 40,000 of the inhabitants.

In 1840 the British set out to conquer Afghanistan. Several of the leaders were assassinated. In 1842 the British army, caught in the Khyber Pass, was massacred. Of 3849 soldiers and 12,000 camp followers only six escaped.

In 1870, at Tien-Tsin, the Chinese massacred the French Consul, the Roman Catholic priest, the Sisters of Mercy, many native converts, and the children in the orphanage.

In the massacres in Bulgaria, in 1879, sixty-five villages were burned, 15,000 persons were killed, and the cruelties to women and children were horrible beyond description.

The Indian Mutiny, in 1857, which arose from the greasing of rifle cartridges with the fat of pigs, led to many massacres which included women and children. Since 1894 the Turks have massacred 50,000 Christians in Armenia.

Massacres in the United States

There have been over forty massacres in United States history, but none of them reach the terrible figures of those which have been named. One of the most famous of these was that of the Alamo, where 140 Texans, among whom was David Crockett, met death bravely and won immortal fame from 2000 Mexicans.

Among the more recent of these tragedies were the massacre of Custer and his men—276 lives—by the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull in 1876; the massacre of United States troops by the Ute Indians in 1879, and the killing of eleven Italians belonging to the Mafia at New Orleans by an organized body of citizens in 1891.

The Red Record of the Chinese

When we remember that there are over four hundred million Chinamen we realize the tremendous size of the work in conquering and dividing the Chinese kingdom. Shooting a few hundred or a few thousand Chinamen can only be compared to killing a dozen or so mosquitoes near a Jersey mill pond. There have been massacres and epidemics and disasters in China for centuries and yet the population has gone on increasing. In every battle in which the Chinese soldiers have won they have visited upon the wounded and captives the most horrible butcheries and suffering. Not only one but hundreds of times they have put to death towns and garrisons which surrendered. Entire cities were simply obliterated, and in the words of Mr. W. W. Rockhill, who probably knows more about China than any other American, "Whole provinces of the Chinese Empire once containing dense populations are now little more than deserts."

Many instances to establish this could be cited.

That the Powers will finally whip the Chinese admits of no doubt. But for a long time it must be the beating of the bullets upon the waves of population, and even when the battle is won the problems remaining will be almost as difficult as the war itself.

Foreigners and Foreign Trade in China

In the past six years the number of foreigners in China increased more than one hundred per cent. According to the latest figures there were, before the outbreak of the Boxer troubles, 17,072 foreigners in that country, including American 2335, British 5562, German 1134, French 1183, Russians 1621, Japanese 2440, Portuguese 1423, and seven other nationalities with smaller numbers. In one respect the rebellion came at a bad moment, for the foreign trade of China was on a rapid increase. During the past year the development was astonishing, being more than double the figures for 1890 and exceeding the totals of 1898 by twenty-five per cent. The United States was getting a much larger share of this business, and there were predictions that it would increase its totals many times over within the next few years. Most of this, of course, will be stopped for the time by the present troubles and China will be the main loser.

GENERAL CHAFFEE

The Work of the Missionaries

As usual in affairs of this kind missions and missionaries come in for widespread comment and discussion. In general the charges made are that missionaries have no right to disturb the religions of other people; that many of the men sent for the work are not fitted for it, and lack discretion and diplomacy, and finally, that the competitions among the different creeds lead not only to many troubles but also to frequent open scandals.

These objections may easily be left to themselves. The mistakes and weaknesses of some of the missionary enterprises are admitted, but the credit side of the ledger is so vastly greater than the debit that no wholesale or even general charge against missions can for a moment stand. Testimony in their favor is not only universal but overwhelming.

The heroism of the early martyrs was not greater than the courage of the modern workers. Once before in China missionary work converted nearly 300,000 people to Christianity and persecution almost extinguished them, but through it all the spirit of the work remained. In other countries people were massacred for their faith, but other men took up the cause and carried it on. The consequences of these labors in foreign lands are over two millions of converts, exclusive of children; over 20,000 of organized congregations, 55,000 native preachers and teachers, 20,000 secular schools with nearly a million scholars, 25,000 Sunday-schools with two million scholars. Wherever these missionaries go they carry civilization, progress, education and cleanliness. They distribute in a year three million volumes of the Scriptures. They attend not only to the spirit but to the body, for many of them are graduates in medicine. The material results are indeed magnificent, and if Christianity were not to seek to convert the whole world it would simply admit its own defeat and deny the teaching of its Master. Undoubtedly the finest development in the Chinese troubles is the splendid courage of the missionaries and the fidelity of the converts. When men and women not only give up their own lives but those of their children and their households for their faith, criticism upon their work reacts upon itself.

Emerson's dictum that times of heroism are generally times of terror was never more forcibly illustrated than in China, and the impersonal words which he wrote in that same essay on Heroism peculiarly fit the missionaries in China and the criticisms that have been made upon them. "There is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them," he wrote. "Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion and greater intellectual activity would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists."

The Marvelous Growth of Christianity

And if any one thinks that this outbreak will stop or even halt the growth of Christianity he is very much mistaken. Look for a moment at the wonderful figures of nineteen centuries! The number of converts on the Day of Pentecost was only 3000, at the end of the first century it reached only 300,000. Even at the close of the tenth century there were only fifty million Christians in the world. Come a little further, to the days of Luther in the fifteenth century, and we find only one hundred millions. But begin with 1800 and for every year of this century we have an increase of over two millions, until to-day there are in the world nearly six hundred million Christians. Seventy years ago the Bible was read in only fifty languages and dialects—to-day three hundred.

At the height of her greatness Imperial Rome ruled one hundred and twenty million people. To-day Christian nations govern eight hundred million people. The whole spirit of modern law and order and progress is in the growth of Christianity, and neither life nor money nor distance nor zone is an obstacle to its steady and inevitable conquest of the entire world. Never was it more vigorous than to-day.

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS, "ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY," ETC.

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"I can imagine I am back on the old farm. Tell me all about your folks."

PART II—CHAPTER TWO

THE YOUNG EAGLE DREAMS OF A MATE

AS THE young men sat at supper that night a note was handed to Jack by the clerk. Upon opening it he found a smaller envelope addressed to "Mr Harding." Harold took it, but did not open it, though it promised well, being quite thick with leaves. Jack read his note at a glance and passed it across the table. It was simple:

"*Dear Mr Burns*

"Won't you please see that the inclosed note reaches Harold? I wish you could persuade him to come and see me once more before he goes. I shall expect to see *you*, anyhow. Father does not suspect anything out of the ordinary as yet, and it will be quite safe. Your friend,

"MARY YARDWELL."

As soon as he decently could Harold went to his room and opened the important letter. In it the reticent girl had uttered herself with unusual freedom. It was a long letter, and its writer must have gone to its composition at once after the door had closed upon her visitors. It began abruptly, too:

"*Dear Friend:* My heart aches for you. From the time I first saw you in the jail I have carried your face in my mind. I can't quite analyze my feeling for you now. You are so different from the boy I knew. I think I am a little afraid of you—you scare me a little. You are of another world, a strange world of which I would like to hear. I have a woman's curiosity. I can't let you go away until you tell me all your story. I would like to say something on my own side, also. Can't you come and see me once more? My father is going to be away at his farm all day to-morrow; can't you come with Mr. Burns and take dinner with me and tell me all about yourself?—your life is so strange.

"There will be no one there (I mean at dinner) but Mr. Burns and you, and we can talk freely. Does being 'under indictment' mean that you are in danger of arrest? I want to understand all about that. You can't know how strange and exciting all these things are to me. My life is so humdrum here. You come into it like a great mountain wind. You take my words away as well as my breath. I cannot express myself; words are not easy to me even when I write, though I write better than I talk—I think.

"Mr King asked me to be his wife some months ago, and I promised to do so, but that is no reason why we should not be good friends. You have been too much in my life to go out of it altogether, though I had given up seeing you again, and then we always think of our friends as we last saw them—we can't imagine their development. Don't you find this so? You said you found me changed.

"I have little to tell you about myself. I graduated and then I spent one winter in Chicago to continue my music studies. I am teaching here summers to get pin money. It is so quiet here one grows to think all the world very far away, and the wild [illegible] you have lived and worked are unimaginable even when the newspapers describe them with the greatest minuteness.

"This letter is very rambling, I know, but I am writing as rapidly as I can, for I want to send it to you before you take the train. Please come to see me to-morrow. To-night I sing in the song service at the church. I hope you will be there. The more I think about your story the more eager to listen I become.

"There must be some basis of stirring deeds for all the tales they tell of you. My friends say I have a touch of the literary poison in my veins; anyhow, I like a story above all things, and to hear the hero tell his own adventures will be the keenest delight.

"I am sorry I could not do more to make things easier for you to-day, but I come of men and women who are silent when they mean most. I am never facile of speech and to-day I was dumb. Perhaps if we meet on a clear understanding we will get along better. Come anyhow, and let me know you as you are. Perhaps I have never really known you; perhaps I only imagined you.

Your friend,

"MARY YARDWELL.

"P. S. The reason for the postscript is that I have re-read the foregoing letter and find it unsatisfactory in everything except the expression of my wish to see you. I had meant to say so much and I have said so little. I am afraid now that I shall not see you at all, so I add my promise. I shall always remember you and I *will* think of you when I sing, and I will sing 'If I Were a Voice' every Sunday for you, especially when I am all alone, and I'll send it out to you by thought-waves. You shall never lack of the best wishes of

MARY YARDWELL."

Not being trained in psychologic subtleties Harold took this letter to mean only what it said. He was not so profoundly moved by it as he would have been could he have read beneath the lines the tumult he had produced in the tranquil life of its writer. One skilled in perception of a woman's moods could have detected a sense of weakness, or irresolution, or longing in a girl whose nature had not yet been tried by conflicting emotions.

Jack perceived something of this when Harold gave him the letter to read. His admiration of Harold's grace and power, his love for every gesture and every lineament of his boyish hero, made it possible for him to understand how deeply Mary had been moved when brought face to face with a handsome and powerful man who loved as lions love. He handed the letter back with a smile. "I think you'd better stay over and see her."

"I intend to," replied Harold. "Wait for father to come up."

"Let's go walk. We may happen by the church where she sings," suggested Jack.

It was a very beautiful hour of the day. The west was filled with cool, purple-gray clouds, and a fresh wind had swept away all memory of the heat of the day. Insects filled the air with quavering song. Children were romping on the lawns. Lovers sauntered by in pairs or swung under the trees in hammocks. Old people sat reading or listlessly talking beside their cottage doors. A few carriages were astir. It was a day of rest and peace and love-making to this busy little community. The mills were still and even the water seemed to run less swiftly; only the fishes below the dam had cause to regret the day's release from toil, for on every rock a fisherman was poised.

The tension being a little relieved, Harold was able to listen to Jack's news of Rock River. His father was still preaching in the First Church, but several influential men had split off and were actively antagonizing the majority of the congregation. The fight was at its bitterest. Maud had now three children, and her husband was doing well in hardware. This old schoolmate was married, that one was dead, many had moved West. Bradley Talcott was running for State Legislator. Radbourn was in Washington.

Talking on quietly the two young men walked out of the village into a lane bordered with Lombardy poplars. Harold threw himself down on the grass beneath them and sat

"Now I can imagine I am back on the old farm. Tell me all about your folks."

"Oh, they're just the same. They don't change much. Father scraped some money together and built a new bedroom on the west side. Mother calls it 'the boys' room.' By 'boys' they mean you and me. They expect us to sleep there when you come back on a visit. They'll be terribly disappointed at not seeing you. Mother seems to think as much of you as she does of me.'

There was charm in the thought of the Burns farm and Mrs. Burns coming and going about the big kitchen stove, the smell of wholesome cooking about her clothing, and for the moment the desperado's brain became as a child's. There was sadness in the thought that he never again could see his loyal friends or the old walks and lanes.

Jack aroused him and they walked briskly back toward the little church, which they found already quite filled with young people. The choir, including Mary, smiled at the audience and at each other, for the spirit of the little church was humanly cheerful.

The strangers found seats in a corner pew, together with a pale young man and a very pretty little girl. Jack was not imaginative, but he could not help thinking of the commotion which would follow if those around him should learn that "Black Mose" was at that moment seated among them. Mary, seeing the dark, stern face of the plainsman, had some such thought also. There was something gloriously unfettered, compelling and powerful in his presence. He made the other young men appear commonplace and feeble in her eyes, and threw the minister into pale relief, emphasizing his serenity, his scholarship and his security of position.

Harold gave close attention to the young minister, who, as Mary's lover, became important. As a man of action he put a low valuation on a mere scholar, but King was by no means contemptible physically. Jack also perceived the charm of such a man to Mary, and acknowledged the good sense of her choice. King could give her a pleasant home among people she liked, while Harold could only ask her to go to the wild country, to a log ranch in a cottonwood gulch, there to live month after month without seeing a woman or a child.

A bitter and desperate melancholy fell upon the plainsman. What was the use? Such a woman was not for him. He had only the pleasure of the wild country. He would go back to his horses, his guns and the hills and never again come under the disturbing influence of this beautiful singer. She was not of his world; her smiles were not for him. When the others arose in song he remained seated, his sullen face set toward the floor, denying himself the pleasure of even seeing Mary's face as she sang.

Her voice arose above the chorus, guiding, directing, uplifting the less confident ones. When she sang she was certain of herself, powerful, self-contained. That night she sang with such power and sweetness that the minister turned and smiled upon her at the end. He spoke over the low railing which separated them: "You surpass yourself to-night."

Looking across the heads of the audience as they began to take seats Harold saw this smile and action, and his face darkened again.

For her solo Mary selected one which expressed in simple words the capabilities each humble soul had for doing good. If one could not storm the stars in song, one could bathe a weary brow. If one could not write a mighty poem, one could speak a word of cheer to the toiler by the way.

It was all poor stuff enough, but the singer filled it with significance and appeal. At the moment it seemed as if such things were really worth doing. Each word came from her lips as though it had never been uttered by human lips before, so simple, so musical, so finely enunciated, so well valued was it. To Harold, so long separated from any approach to womanly art, it appealed with enormous power. He was not only sensitive, he was just come to the passion and impressionability of full blooded young manhood. Powers converged upon him and, simple and direct as he was, the effects were confusion and deepest dejection. He heard nothing but Mary's voice, saw nothing but her radiant

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16

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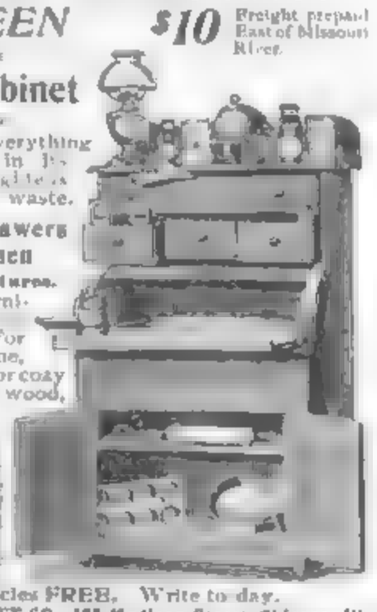
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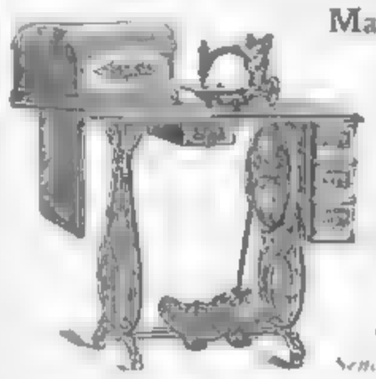
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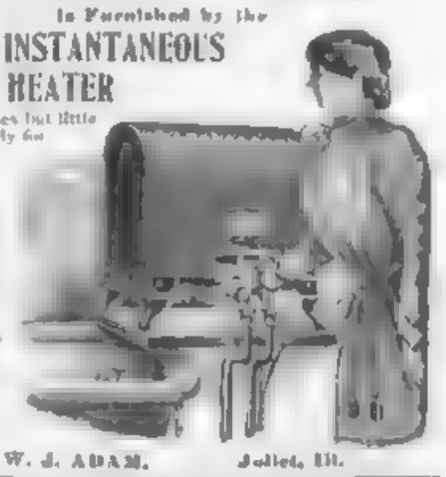
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beauty. To him she was more wonderful than any words could express

At the end of the singing he refused to wait till she came down the aisle, but hurried out into the open air away from the crowd. As Jack caught up with him he said: "You go to bed; I've got to take a run out into the country or I can't sleep at all. Father will be up in the morning, I suppose. I'll get off in the six o'clock train to-morrow night."

Jack said nothing, not even in assent, and Mose set off up the lane with more of mental torment than had ever been his experience before. Hitherto all had been simple. He loved horses, the wild things, the trail, the mountains, the ranch duties, and the perfect freedom of a man of action. Since the door of his prison opened to allow him to escape into the West he had encountered no doubts, had endured no remorse and had felt but little fear. All that he did was forthright, manly, single-purposed and unhesitating

Now all seemed changed. His horses, his guns, the joys of free spaces were met by a counter allurement which was the voice of a woman. Strong as he was, stern as he looked, he was still a boy in certain ways, and this mental tumult, so new and strange to him, wearied him almost to tears. It was a fatigue, an ache which he could not shake off, and when he returned to the hotel he had settled nothing and was ready to flee from it all without one backward look. However, he slept more soundly than he thought himself capable of doing.

He was awakened early by Jack: "Harry, your father is here, and anxious to see you."

Mose arose slowly and reluctantly. He had nothing to say to his father, and dreaded the interview, which he feared would be unpleasantly emotional. The father met him with face pale and hands trembling with emotion. "My son, my son!" he whispered

Mose stood silently wondering why his father should make so much fuss over him.

Mr. Excell soon recovered his self-command, and his voice cleared. "I had almost given up seeing you, Harold. I recognize you with difficulty—you have changed much. You seem well and strong—almost as tall as I was at your age."

"I hold my own," said Harold, and they all sat down more at ease. "I got into rough gangs out there, but I reckon they got as good as they sent."

"I suppose the newspapers have greatly exaggerated about your conflicts?"

Harold was a little disposed to shock his father. "Oh, yes; I don't think I really killed as many men as they tell about; I don't know that I killed any."

"I hope you did not lightly resort to the use of deadly weapons," said Mr. Excell sadly.

"It was kill or be killed," said Harold grimly. "It was like shooting a pack of howling wolves. I made up my mind to be just one shot ahead of anybody. There are certain counties out there where the name 'Black Mose' means something."

"I'm sorry for that, my son. I hope you don't drink?"

"Don't you worry about that. I can't afford to drink, and if I could I wouldn't. It's my lay to keep sober. A drinking man is a soft mark." He changed the subject. "Seems to me you're a good deal grayer?"

Mr. Excell ran his fingers through the tumbled heap of his grizzled hair. "Yes, things are troubling me a little. The McPhails are fighting me in the church, and intend to throw me out and ruin me if they can, but I shall fight them till the bitter end. I am not to be whipped out like a dog."

"That's the talk! Don't let 'em run you out. I got run out of Cheyenne, but I'll never run again. I was only a kid then. After you throw 'em down, come out West and round up the cowboys. They won't play any underhanded games on you, and mebbe you can do them some good—especially on gambling. They are sure enough idiots about cards."

They went down to breakfast together, but did not sit together

Jack and Harold talked in low voices about Mr. Excell

"The old man looks pretty well run down, don't he?" said Harold

"He worries a whole lot about you

"He needn't to. When does he go back?"

"He wants to stay all day—just as long as he can."

"He'd better pull right out on that ten o'clock train. His being here is sure to give me away sooner or later."

It was hard for the father to say good-by He had a feeling that it was the last time he should ever see his son, and his face was gray with suffering as he faced him for the last time. Harold became not merely unresponsive, he grew harsher of voice each moment. His father's tremulous and repeated words seemed to him foolish and absurd—and also inconsiderate. After he was gone he burst out in wrath

"Why can't he act like a man? I don't want anybody to snivel over me. Suppose I *am* to be shot this fall, what of it?"

This disgust and bitterness prepared him, strange to say, for his call upon Mary. He entered the house, master of himself and the situation. His nerves were like steel, and his stern face did not quiver in its minutest muscle, though she met him in most gracious mood, dressed as for conquest and very beautiful.

"I'm so glad you stayed over," she said

"Oh, I wish I could see those wonderful scenes!" He turned quickly. "You can. I'll take you

"I have been so eager to hear all about your life out there." She led the way to the little parlor once more and drew a chair near him

"Well," he began, "it isn't exactly the kind of life your Mr. King leads."

There was a vengeful sneer in his voice which Mary felt as if he had struck her, but she said gently.

"I suppose our life does seem very tame to you now."

"It's sure death. I couldn't stand it for a year; I'd rot."

Mary was aware that some sinister change had come over him, and she paused to study him keenly. The tremulous quality of his voice and action had passed away. He was hard, stern, self contained, and she (without being a coquette) determined that his mood should give way to hers. He set himself hard against the charm of her lovely presence and the dainty room. Mary ceased to smile but her brows remained level

"You men seem to think that all women are fond only of the quiet things, but it isn't true. We like the big deeds in the open, too. I'd like to see a cattle-ranch and take a look at a 'round up,' though I don't know exactly what that means."

"Well, we're not on the round up all the time," he said, relaxing a little. "It's pretty quiet part of the time; that is, quiet for our country. But then, you're always on a horse and you're out in the air on the plains with the mountains in sight. There's a lot of hard work about it, too, and it's lonesome sometimes when you're ridin' the lines, but I like it When it gets a little too tame for me I hit the trail for the mountains with an Indian. The Ogallalahs are my friends, and I'm going to spend the winter with them and then go into the West Elk country. I'm due to kill a grizzly this year and some mountain sheep.' He was started now, and Mary had only to listen. "Before I stop, I'm going to know all there is to know of the Rocky Mountains With ol' Kintuck and my Winchester I'm goin' to hit the sunset trail, and hit it hard There's nothing to keep me now," he said with a sudden glance at her. "It don't matter where I turn up or pitch camp I reckon I'd better not try to be a cattle king He smiled bitterly and pitifully at the poor figure he cut. "I reckon I'm a kind of a mounted hobo from this on."

But your father and sister

"Oh, she isn't worryin' any about me: I haven't had a letter from her for two years All I've got now is Jack, and he'd be no earthly good on the trail. He'd sure lose his glasses in a fight, and then he couldn't tell a grizzly from a two year-old cow So you see, there's nothing to hinder me from going anywhere. I'm footloose. I want to spend one summer in the Flat Top country. Ute Jim tells me it's fine Then I want to go into the Wind River Mountains for elk Old Tallfeather, chief of the Ogallalahs, has promised to take me into the Big Horn Range After that I'm going down into the southwest, down through the Uncompahgre country. Reynolds says they're the biggest yet, and I'm going to keep right down into the Navajo reservation I've got a bid from old Silver Arrow, and then I'm going to Walpi and see the Moki's dance. They say they carry live rattlesnakes in their mouths. I don't believe it, I'm going to see. Then I swing 'round to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. They say that's the sorriest gash in the ground that ever happened Reynolds gave me a letter to old Hance, he's the man that watches to see that no one carries the hole away. Then I'm going to take a turn over the Mohave desert into Southern California. I'm due at the Yosemite Valley about a year from next fall I'll come back over the divide by way of Salt Lake."

He was on his feet, and his eyes were glowing. He seemed to have forgotten all women in the sweep of his imaginative journey.

"Oh, that will be grand! How will you do it?"

Oh old Kintuck, if his legs don't wear off

"How will you live?"

"Forage where I can. Turn to and help on a 'round-up,' or 'drive,' where I can—

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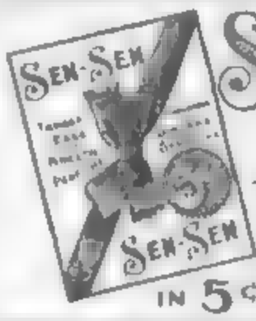

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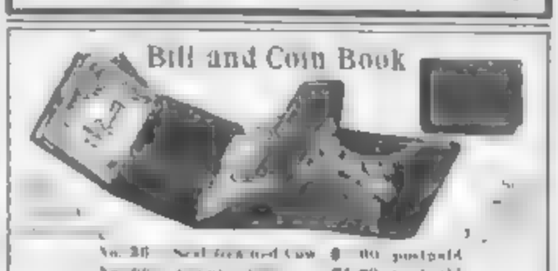

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shoot and fish—oh, I'll make it if it takes ten years."

Then what?" Mary asked with a curious intonation

"Then I'll start for the Northwest," he replied after a little hesitation. "If I live Of course the chances are I'll turn up my toes somewhere on the trail. A man is liable to make a miss lick somewhere, but that's all in the game. A man had better die on the trail than in a dead furrow."

Mary looked at him with dreaming eyes His strange moods filled her with new and powerful emotions The charm of the wild life he depicted appealed to her as well as to him. It was all a fearsome venture, but after all it was glorious. The placid round of her own life seemed for the moment intolerably commonplace. There was epic largeness in the circuit of the plainsman a daring plans The wonders of Nature which he catalogued loomed large in the misty knowledge she held of the West. She cried out

"Oh I wish I could see those wonderful scenes!"

He turned swiftly "You can; I'll take you."

She shrank back "Oh, no! I didn't mean that—I meant—some time——

His face darkened. "In a parlor car, I reckon. That time'll never come"

Then a silence fell on them. Harold knew that his plans could not be carried out with a woman for companion—and he had sense enough to know that Mary's words were born of a momentary enthusiasm

When he spoke it was with characteristic blunt honesty

"No right here our trails fork, Mary. Ever since I saw you in the jail the first time you've been worth more to me than anything else in the world, but I can see now that things never can go right with you and me. I couldn't live back here, and you couldn't live with me out there. I'm a kind of an outlaw, anyway. I made up my mind last night that I'd hit the trail alone. I won't even ask Jack to go with me. There's something in me here"—he laid his hand on his breast—"that kind o' chimes in with the wind in the piñons and the yap of the ky-ote. The rooster and the church bells are too tame for me. That's all there is about it. Maybe when I get old and feeble in the knees I'll feel like pitchin' a permanent camp, but just now I don't; I want to be on the move. If I had a nice ranch, and you, I might settle down now, but then you couldn't stand even a ranch with nearest neighbors ten miles away"

He turned to take his hat. "I wanted to see you—I didn't plan for anything else I've seen you and so——

"Oh, you're not going now!" she cried "You haven't told me your story."

"Oh, yes, I have; all that you'd care to hear. It don't amount to much, except the murder charges, and they are wrong. It wasn't my fault. They crowded me too hard, and I had to defend myself. What is a man to do when it's kill or be killed? That's all over and past, anyway. From this time on I camp high. The roosters and church bells are getting too thick on the [illegible]

He fumbled his hat in his hand as he turned to her, and tears were in her eyes as she said

"Please don't go I expected you to stay to dinner with me."

"The quicker I get out o' here the better," he replied hoarsely, and she saw that he was trembling. "What's the good of it? I'm out of it."

She looked up at him in silence, her mind filled with the confused struggle between her passion and her reason. He allured her, this grave and stern outlaw, appealing to some primitive longing deep down within her

"I hate to see you go," she said slowly "But—I—suppose it is best. I don't like to have you forget me—I shall not forget you, and I will sing for you every Sunday afternoon, and no matter where you are, in a deep cañon, or anywhere, or among the Indians, you just stop and listen and think of me, and maybe you'll hear my voice."

Tears were in her eyes as she spoke, and he took a man's advantage of her emotion

"Perhaps if I come back again—if I make a strike somewhere—if you'd say so"—

She shook her head sadly, but conclusively. "No, no, I can't promise anything."

All right—that settles it Good-by."

And she had nothing better to say than just "Good by, good by."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Uncle Sam as a Tree Planter

THE crusade for forest preservation and the propagation of scientific tree planting appear to be going hand in hand, and in both there has been aroused in all sections of the country an immense amount of interest In New York City a powerful and [illegible] organization known as the Tree Planting Association has been formed to rehabilitate the great asphalt wastes of the metropolis; a prominent university has established a College of Forestry; in more than a score of States countless village improvement associations are devoting especial attention to the fostering of the shade tree; and finally the United States Government has taken up the subject of practical tree planting in a manner that promises some surprising results.

It was just a year ago that the Division of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture issued circulars describing a plan of cooperation by which practical assistance was offered to persons desirous of establishing wood-lots, shelter-belts, wind-belts and other plantations of forest trees. The response to the proposition exceeded all expectations, and the Division has been more than busy ever since, examining the land owned by persons who requested its cooperation.

The greater part of last year was devoted to what might be termed experimental or preliminary work, and a large number of applicants were visited in Minnesota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. As a result of the examinations made by the experts during this interval thirty-three working plans have been prepared and are being put into execution in various parts of the country. Each of these working plans is based upon the special needs of a particular class of farm. So great is the magnitude of this work that notices are now being sent out admonishing persons who desire the assistance of the Division to make their applications some months in advance of the time when they desire to plant, in order that opportunity may be afforded for an agent to visit the land and complete the plans under which the work is to be carried out.

As soon as the officials of the Division of Forestry ascertain when an expert tree planter will be able to reach the land owned by an applicant, the latter is notified, and in places where suitable arrangements can be made a public meeting is called in order that all the persons in the neighborhood interested in tree planting may attend and confer with the agent. Afterward the agent goes over the ground of each of the proposed plantations, and obtains all available data This personal examination is deemed necessary in all cases, because of the effect of local conditions on tree growth

Later, the agent works up the data obtained and sends to the farmer complete planting plans. These include a carefully prepared map of the farm, with the proposed plantations planted, and there are embodied instructions which state specifically the way to plant and the number of each species required to complete the plantation. The Department of Agriculture does all this absolutely without cost to the farmer

Applications for assistance in establishing plantations of forest trees have been received from almost every State in the Union, but more than nine-tenths of them have come from the treeless regions of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas: regions where trees are most strongly needed for protection to stock, orchards and buildings, and for fuel. Naturally, the experts have found it far more difficult to attain success in this wholesale tree planting in the open prairie than in regions originally wooded The Government tree planters have, however, gone on the theory that there is not a single inhabited region in the United States where some kind of trees may not be made to grow when given adequate assistance in the way of cultivation and irrigation, and they are making it the chief object of the cooperative system of tree planting to assist the farmers in overcoming adverse conditions.

The attention given to scientific tree planting seems to indicate that there assuredly will be a sphere of usefulness for future graduates of the New York State College of Forestry, a branch of Cornell University, which graduated its first class this year. The Cornell students, during the past year, with the assistance of a planting crew of twenty men, partially cleared one hundred acres of burned land and planted it in pine, spruce and red fir. The United States Division of Forestry has already secured the services of several of these young men, who are the first professional foresters to receive degrees from an American institution

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What this young man has done in the way of money earning is being accomplished by hundreds of other young people throughout the country. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is willing to appoint an agent in every town to look after its subscription business, and any young man or young woman with a reasonable amount of energy can, through its assistance, earn sufficient money either to carry out some cherished project or to warrant the adoption of the work as a permanent business livelihood

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Americans in Paris

WHEN Miss Christian Fairfax came to Paris from her home in Virginia she went to study with Fauré, the baritone, with Léon Achard and other famous people, but all the same she was by no means confident when she came to make her début at the Volney concerts. If she succeeded, well and good; but if she failed—she didn't like to think of what they would say in Virginia and New York and Chicago, so she hid herself under the name of Christianne Andray. Under this mask she sang and conquered.

Then came a whirl of triumph. She sang in London at the Philharmonic and the Delius concerts, at Monte Carlo and in the chief concerts of the Paris season; but she was not happy. Miss Fairfax had been Andrayed out of existence. Fame had run away with her, and try as she would she could never recover her own lost name. "And to think," she will tell you sadly, "of all the years I have studied and worked! Why, I feel as though I had been doing it all for some other girl, and a girl I don't know."

Not long ago she was to sing one evening at Lady Randolph Churchill's in London. When she came in every one said, "Oh, how do you do, Miss Fairfax?" and then there was a long pause.

At last Lady Churchill said: "It's too bad, Miss Fairfax—we were going to have such a charming musical evening—some of Joncières' new songs rendered by his new Paris interpreter."

"And what's the matter?" Miss Fairfax asked.

"Why, the pianist and every one else are here," Lady Churchill explained, "but we are waiting for Mademoiselle Andray."

"Oh, if that's all," said the young woman with two names, "I think we can begin now—I'll sing Mademoiselle Andray's songs for her."

And she did.

Miss Fairfax, or if you insist, Mademoiselle Andray, is a slim, tall young girl, with a handsome face and remarkable grayish eyes. Though she is charming and self-possessed, there is nothing you would fancy dangerous enough about her to call for state intervention. The other night, however, she upset the diplomatic serenity of two republics. She was to give a concert at the Salle Erard under the patronage of Mrs. Horace Porter, the wife of our Ambassador. Her collaborators were Vincent D'Indy, in whose new opera she is to create the principal part, and Fauré, the composer.

Almost all the smart people of the American colony and the Paris world were invited. About eight o'clock the carriages began to roll up. In the hall not a light was lit, and the police held the doors.

There had been an oversight; here you can't produce a play or sing a song without a license from the government censor, and this little formality had been forgotten.

It was late and no one knew where the precious official was to be found; but Mrs. Porter drove here and Mrs. Peck drove there; there was telephoning from the Embassy to the Elysée; there were amazed policemen scurrying here and there, and just as I thought the troops would be called out to surround Miss Andray and march her off in the centre of a hollow square, the French Government yielded.

But for a few moments Loubet tottered on his throne. And if the Royalists or the Déroulèdists or the Bonapartists really want a revolution here, I should humbly suggest that they get a dozen excited American girls to lead it—that way victory lies.

An Artful Dodger's Strange Picking

John Flanagan, the sculptor who modeled the eagles on the United States pavilion here and did the Madison medallion for Whig Hall at Princeton, and whose art career—as he will tell you with a great deal of proper pride—began in his father's stone yard in Newark, New Jersey, had a little experience the other evening at the Exposition. I call it a little experience, because so far as he was concerned it did not amount to much; but you should think of the other fellow!

Like most sculptors—was it not Michael Angelo who set the example?—Mr. Flanagan goes in for anatomy. For years he has attended the classes of the School of Surgery. Of late he has been studying the hand. Thursday afternoon he secured a very fine hand from a "subject" that had been exposed that day in the dissecting-room. He wrapped it up and put it in his coat pocket, intending to make a study of the muscles when he got back to his studio.

But it was a pleasant afternoon (just after the rain) and he took a stroll. In the street of Algiers there was a crowd, and wherever there is a crowd you may be sure there are some of those expert English pickpockets of whom Dickens wrote so well. Mr. Flanagan felt adroit fingers fumbling at his pockets. It took but a second to ascertain that his purse and watch were safe. In another second he discovered that what he had lost was the package in his coat pocket.

And now think of the other fellow!

The Chinese Method in Paris

The other day I received an engraved card, which needs no comment. It read:

> "The Minister of China and Lady Yu have the honor of informing you that the *soirée dansante* of July 2 will not take place at the Legation and will be postponed to a better occasion."

The Chinese Minister to Paris is an old man, rather stout, with a thin, scraggling mustache and a few scattered, white hairs on his chin. His little eyes are almost imperceptible among his wrinkles. His mouth is toothless save for three yellow fangs. Yet he is a very well-bred old potentate. His wife, the Marquise Yu, as they call her here, is partly American—that is, her mother was a Boston woman, who went to China as a missionary in the long ago, and married a native. The Marquise is very Chinese-looking, but her two daughters, save for their Oriental eyes, are typical New York girls. Indeed the younger one is almost too beautiful for words. I saw her at a reception at the Chinese Embassy not long ago—dressed in the prettiest French frock imaginable and chatting American like a Vassar girl.

The Chinese Minister and his family live in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. Beneath them certain acquaintances of mine have their apartment.

"We are glad the Marquis Yu is the Minister now," they told me, "because he is ever so much more civilized than the Minister who preceded him. The other one used to beat his servants, and—think of it—one night the police came and there was a terrible time. The Ambassador had killed one of his servants by beating him with a chair. Of course nothing was done to him—he was 'on Chinese soil'—but the French Government insisted on his recall. This one is all right, but the process of civilizing Chinese officials by marrying them to Boston girls is too slow.

"Gunboats," my friends suggested, "are better."

A Conversation Class for Adults

During this year of the Exposition American writers and journalists have settled upon Paris as locusts swarmed down on Galicia a few years ago. They walk to and fro on the boulevards, talking all kinds of French and recording their impressions.

"The best way to learn French," said one of the leading correspondents to himself on his arrival, "is to go to a French boarding-house. There I'll have to talk French."

He studied the advertisements in one of the six English newspapers published in Paris, and finally fixed upon a boarding-house out in that Latin part of Paris which lies between the Observatory and the Lion of Belfort. A proper little dame met him and explained matters in a broken English that sounded delightfully foreign.

Her house was almost full, she said; oh, ever so many people!

It was just what he wanted. He took a room and paid his month in advance. That evening when he came down to dinner the dining-room was crowded, but he was the only man. There were twenty-four pretty women and that was all. Still he was there for conversation and he did the best he could.

"*Bon jour, madame,*" he said to his neighbor.

"Oh, we don't speak French," she said; "we're an excursion of Chicago girls who came over to Paris for a month to see the Exposition and learn the language. And you can speak French! Isn't it jolly? You must help us."

He taught them all how to say *bon jour;* it was the best he could do for them.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

"School Sale" Week
Sept. 1st to 8th

Watch for this Sign

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I am going to have my first annual "School Sale" Week, September 1st to 8th. Every purchaser will get a souvenir. Thousands of merchants will make funny Black Cat displays in their stores. If your merchant does not keep my stockings he will send and get them for you—ask him. Take this advertisement to him and he will write to me about the "School Sale." He cannot afford to miss it, for I have some great things to offer to him. Yes, wherever I go I bring Good Luck.

Yours,

The Black Cat

P. S.—The Chicago-Rockford Hosiery Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, make my stockings for me.

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Stories of the Dispatcher's Office

By J. D. BRENNAN

TRAIN MASTER, LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY

TAKE no chances!"

That is the first and most vitally important rule for railway telegraphers to observe.

There are many other rules, too, the next in importance being:

"Learn all you can—much more than you are compelled to know—in order to discharge the mere routine of your duties in a perfunctory manner."

The soundness of both these rules is illustrated by an actual occurrence wherein one operator took a chance, while another earned promotion by keeping his ears open, his faculties alert, and his mind bent on learning all that was going on over the wire.

The incident occurred several years ago and was the direct cause of bringing into use the present "clearance card" which every train must show before it is permitted to pull out of a terminal.

An operator of the easy-going, chance-taking kind, who was located at a terminal, received an order from the dispatcher at the other end of the line to have No. 10, a regular fast freight, pull in upon the siding at station X to allow a west-bound excursion train, or "special," to pass at that point.

"Jimmy," the operator, glanced at the clock and saw that it was just about time for the conductor of No. 10 to call and inquire for his orders. "Billy is regular as a clock," said the operator to himself, "and I know he'll be sticking his head in the door inside of five minutes. Then he takes pride in getting off on the tick of the minute. I'll just take a little chance and get 'complete' on this order so he'll not have to wait a second."

The Clearance Card System

A word of technical explanation is necessary to an understanding of the risk which the operator assumed in order not to hold the conductor at the telegraph table a minute or two. When an operator receives an order he must get the signature of the conductor to whom it is issued and repeat back to the dispatcher the order with the signature. Of course it is impossible for the dispatcher to know, for a certainty, that the conductor has actually signed the order. He has to take that for granted. Therefore, in this case, when the order was correctly repeated with the conductor's signature in proper form, the dispatcher at once answered, "Complete"—the signal by which authority is given to the conductor to pull out. Regular trains, those listed in the official time-card, are known as "superior class" and have the right of way against all "specials" or "extras," which are classed as "inferior" trains. This, in the absence of explicit orders to the contrary, implies that the superior train will run straight ahead on its regular schedule as if there were no other train on the road.

No. 10 was a regular train and the order to which the operator wrongfully placed the conductor's signature was in interruption of the schedule. Some two or three minutes after Jimmy had got "complete" on the order the conductor pushed open the door and called out:

"Any orders, Jimmy?"

The operator was very busy just at the moment and answered mechanically:

"No."

Three minutes later No. 10 was climbing the hill with a helper, or switch engine, behind pushing up the grade. The train had been several minutes out of the yard when the yard master entered the station and the operator asked:

"Where's Billy?"

"Billy?" responded the yard master; "why, he pulled out on time with No. 10, five minutes ago."

Although the operator struggled hard to maintain a calm appearance his question was enough instantly to arouse the suspicion of any trained railroad man, and the yard master came at him sharply with the exclamation:

"Look here, young man! What's the trouble? Out with it, quick!"

A Careless Slip Threatening a Calamity

This startled from the terror-stricken operator a confession of the chance he had taken and of the fact that he "forgot to give Billy his orders." As a consequence No. 10 was already thundering down the grade and would, in a few minutes, pass station X, where the undelivered order directed her to sidetrack. That she would crash into the heavily loaded excursion train was a certainty unless the latter could be stopped at an intermediate station. While the operator was trying, in his confusion, to perform the impossibility of figuring out a way in which he could prevent the wreck without informing the train dispatcher of the situation, the yard master demanded:

"Come! Sit down there and tell the dispatcher." The operator hesitated and shook his head. Instantly the yard master pulled his revolver and exclaimed:

"Do it quick—or I'll shoot you through!"

As Jimmy's shaking fingers grasped the key in obedience to this command the yard master, who could not read the Morse alphabet, sprang to the long-distance telephone and called up the dispatcher's office as a precaution against foul play on the part of the operator. When the yard master was informed that the fearful condition of affairs was already known, he made a dash for a switch engine, just passing the station, swung up into the cab and ordered the engineer to run at full speed to the limits of the yard in the forlorn hope that something might have delayed the outgoing train a few minutes. He could not, however, push the pursuit beyond the limits of the yard because of the certainty of colliding with the "helper" on its way back from pushing the freight up the hill. Barely had they reached the limits when the whistle of the returning engine was heard, and this told that No. 10 was over the ridge, carrying destruction to the excursion train, which was unquestionably dashing down into the valley from the eastern summit.

While the guilty operator was sending his confession to the dispatcher, the operator at station Y (the next east of the blind station at which the special passenger was directed to pass No. 10) had his ears open as usual—for he was the kind of operator who always listened to what was going on over the wire. And thus he learned of the imminent danger to so many lives.

Marvelously Saved by Quick Action

The rumble of the passenger was already in his ears as he grabbed the rope governing the semaphore and sent its arms clattering up to horizontal while its lights went to red. Then, without waiting a second, he seized his lantern and leaped out of the door. Already the principal part of the train had passed the station. Just as the rear coaches were whizzing past he threw the lantern with all his might and heard the crash of a window pane.

Then he ran forward in the direction of the west switch, his eyes fixed on the train to see if it would slack up. The hiss of escaping air and the sudden appearance of lanterns in the hands of trainmen on the platform

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told him, even before it came to a stop, that he had saved the train.

"Back her on to the siding, quick!" he shouted to the brakeman as he threw the switch. There was a momentary twirling of lanterns, and then the long passenger special lurched backward and was sidetracked with as little ceremony as if she were made up of empty flat cars. Then the switch was closed and the operator started on the run for the station. He reached the platform just in time to hear the whistle of No. 10. But the target showed red, and consequently the freight came to a halt, while the operator who had saved so many lives went inside to relieve the terrible suspense of the dispatcher and the operator at the yards. Before he opened the door he could hear the sounder reiterating his office call with the fury of despair. Without pausing to give the dispatcher's call or anything else he cut in with the three significant words, "I got her."

Well, that operator at the yards was almost wild with joy to think that taking a chance had only cost him his position instead of scores of lives. And the dispatcher's relief from the awful strain was scarcely less than that of the guilty operator. The engineer of the excursion train told the operator that his engine was already under the semaphore, but the unusual clatter of the arms as they flew up to the danger point caught his ear and caused him to glance back from the cab window. Then he saw that the white lights had given place to the red and knew that something was wrong.

Had the operator at station Y been content to pay no attention to what was going on over the wire save when he heard his own station call, he would not have known that the passenger must be stopped until the dispatcher had called him, and then it would have been too late, for a delay of five seconds would have been as fatal as that of an hour.

Why Clearance Cards Were Established

This is not a hypothetical case, invented to point a moral, but an actual incident which will be recalled by scores of railroad men. Its principal result was the establishment of the rule that every conductor must show a "clearance card" before being permitted to take his train out of the yards. This provision has no doubt saved more than one wreck, for to make out this card the operator must go to his table, take up his pen, and carefully fill in a blank to the effect that the conductor in question has no orders or that his orders are thus and so. It stands to reason that no operator can go through this process without remembering to hand to that conductor any orders that have been received for him.

Another effect of that operator's alertness was to win for him the offer of a position as a "copier" to the dispatcher—a kind of probationary position in which he becomes familiar with the dispatcher's duties. It is altogether likely that comparatively few operators will have opportunity to bring their alertness to the attention of the dispatcher's office under circumstances so sensational and dramatic as those which won promotion for that boyish young operator at station V, who later became train master of the division where he began as operator; but it is certain that in order to attract the favorable attention of the dispatcher's office it is not necessary for an operator to save the lives of a hundred passengers or of one.

Perhaps the superintendent or the train master may unexpectedly drop in and request the operator to call up the dispatcher's office and inquire where No. 39 is; and the wide-awake operator will answer: "I just heard her clear station W at 10:45; that'll bring her into station V at 52." Or he may reply: "She's pulled a drawbar just outside station M and is delayed eight minutes already—so I heard W telling the dispatcher."

An official does not have to encounter this sort of thing from the same source more than two or three times before the operator who knows things without having to ask the dispatcher about them is slated for promotion and his name is mentioned to the chief dispatcher, who will not be slow to take the hint. Generally, however, the dispatcher's office needs no hint as to the efficiency and the alertness of the operators on the line. In a hundred little ways the operator will betray whether he is safe, reliable, resourceful, accurate and always wide awake, or indifferent, slow, unprogressive, and willing to take a chance and endanger property of immense value and the lives of passengers and train crews.

Often dispatchers are accused of having "favorites on the line." They have. Every operator who is always on hand, who is as neat in his sending as he is prompt and wide awake, who is courteous and to be relied upon to do the safe, common-sense and conservative thing in an emergency—the operator of this kind is sure to be a favorite. And if he lacks these qualifications he may as well at once despair of winning favor with the dispatchers, for their work is too serious, too fearfully responsible to permit their favoritism to rest upon a less substantial basis than demonstrated efficiency.

Some Cannot Stand the Intense Strain

Some operators, after having been promoted to be dispatchers, have shown themselves wholly unable to attain the necessary poise and self-command, and quit the field of dispatching before they have fairly entered it. Instances of stage fright, however, are so rare as to be practically unknown, for no operator is permitted to serve as a "sub" or an "extra" until he has clearly demonstrated that he has himself absolutely in hand.

But occasionally a man who has been promoted to the dispatcher's table suddenly resigns because he finds himself unable to put aside his work after he leaves the office. This failing is almost as fatal as the inability to shut out his private affairs when he reports for duty. One bright young dispatcher who was doing excellent work surprised the chief dispatcher by handing in his resignation at the close of the first fortnight of regular service. "What's the matter, Joe?" inquired the chief. "Don't you like the work?"

"Yes," replied the dispatcher. "The trouble with me is the hours are too long. I don't mind the eight hours at the office. The other sixteen outside are what I can't stand. I'm running trains every minute, whether I'm awake or asleep, and the pace is simply killing." That young man knew when it was time to quit.

Too great emphasis cannot be placed on the statement that no dispatcher should ever attempt to run more than one set or combination of trains at one time. One of the most terrible railroad accidents on record was caused by a departure from this sound rule. A dispatcher was handling a regular run, or line, and also a little spur. The seeming necessity for this double duty was a temporary shortage of help in the dispatcher's office. He had a heavy excursion train on the little branch line and had given it the right of way against a regular train. Just at that moment he was called on the instrument commanding the main division. He said to himself: "I'll get that fellow on the short line after I've taken care of this trouble."

Watching Two Lines Caused Fatal Blunder

He became absorbed in straightening the trouble on the main division, and when he transferred his attention back to the branch line his regular train had got away and a terrible loss of life was the result. Although he was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter he was a broken-hearted man from that time forward. His experience taught the whole train-operating fraternity a lesson, however, for the accident became historic in railway circles.

The dispatcher must carry in his mind every grade in the road, the situation and car capacity of every siding, every railroad crossing, curve, trestle and bridge; he must be able to calculate the time required to haul each particular train over any given section of the road under the conditions prevailing at the instant. Among other points that must be mastered are the personal peculiarities of each engineer, conductor and engine.

Train dispatching is perhaps the only vocation in which a man is not privileged to learn by his mistakes. One wreck puts a period to the career of a dispatcher.

The pay received by a dispatcher seems small in comparison with his responsibilities. His compensation is almost universally $1200 a year, while the chief dispatcher receives $1500. There is no harder place in the railway service than that filled by the dispatcher; his work is wearing in the extreme, his burden of responsibility is not only fearful, but it is with him every moment that he is on duty. On the other hand, the man who passes through such a school and meets the test has a splendid training for almost any kind of executive work. Probably the ideal training for the very highest positions in the operative lines of railroading would be the experience gained by a clerkship in the office of a division superintendent followed by that of an operator and dispatcher.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

MR. CLYDE FITCH, the playwright, had two reasons for joining with New Yorkers in celebrating the recent Nathan Hale anniversary—his own enthusiasm for the hero and the memory of the wonderful success of his play by that name. Incidentally, Mr. Fitch told a good story on himself.

When Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had finished the season's run with Nathan Hale, and Mr. Fitch, the author, invited them to a dinner at his apartments, he pondered long on what to have as the *pièce de résistance*. It must be something suggestive of the hero of the play.

On his way down town on the day of the dinner he saw an exquisite statue in bronze of Nathan Hale displayed in a jeweler's window. The figure was a replica of the famous statue that stands in City Hall Park.

The very thing, he thought, to put in the centre of the table upon a huge bed of red, white and blue flowers!

By the time he got into the shop and was waited on his enthusiasm had grown so that he had decided to have that statue at any price. He already saw on the faces of his guests their looks of delight at his ingenuity. And he determined that the statue must be his own permanently, if he could find a place for it.

The clerk told him the price was $350. This did not make him hesitate, and he gave the firm his name and address, and asked that he be allowed to take the statue home so that he could try its height in a certain niche which he hoped it would fit. He would give them his check for $100 for security, take a hansom and carry the statue home with him, being personally responsible for its safety. He would return it early on the morrow if it didn't fit.

The firm, knowing him as a man of reputation, agreed and off drove Mr. Fitch with his beloved bronze.

The dinner was a success. The guests were enthusiastic over Mr. Fitch's clever *pièce de résistance*.

Mr. Goodwin took the host aside and said: "Clyde, I don't want to be impolite, but, you see, Maxine has gone wild over that statue of Hale. Clever thing, you know, great idea—symbolic, sentimental, and all that sort of thing. Now, old fellow, you know what a woman is when her heart is set on a thing; why not sell it to me and let me give it to her as a souvenir of our successful year?"

Mr. Fitch demurred, for his heart was set on keeping that bronze; but he could not refuse such a favor to Mrs. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin made out a check for $350 and Mrs. Goodwin was blissful. Mr. Fitch sent $250 to the firm the next day, with many thanks, saying the statue and the niche harmonized perfectly.

Crawford, the "Indian Fighter"

When F. Marion Crawford, the novelist (who, by the way, was a fellow newspaper worker with Mr. Kipling in India, a fact which seems generally to have been forgotten), was making his first trip as a lecturer, and reached Boston, all the newspapers sent men to interview him at his hotel.

One of the reporters was quite a youth, and as he entered the room he gave one hasty glance around for local color trappings; then he plunged into the interview. Mr. Crawford was prepared to talk of Europe, Asia or Africa, but the reporter surprised him by wanting United States.

He asked how much Mr. Crawford liked the West. He wanted to know what he thought of the Big Sea Water, and, most perplexing of all, he wanted to know all that Mr. Crawford knew about Indians. Back and forth he pranced over ethnological and psychological matters, all pertaining to the noble red man, and the author, who had spent most of his life abroad, felt very small and mean indeed. Although he could justly claim to be a pretty fair shot, he had to admit that he did not know how to handle the lasso!

He made up his mind that it was a spite interview and that the aim of the newspaper was to ridicule him as a Europeanized American, a globe-trotter, who had disdained his own country, and so that newspaper was the first he scanned next morning. His surprise was an agreeable one. There was a good description of himself and a criticism of his work clipped from a literary paper.

For years the conduct of the interviewer remained a mystery, but a few days ago Mr. Crawford again met the identical newspaper man and it was all explained.

When the reporter got his assignment for the interview he had no idea of Mr. Crawford except that he was a story-writer. "What did he write?" he had asked, as he was leaving, and the busy city editor had answered: "Oh, his best is Doctor Isaacs, an Indian story."

That was his cue. The fact that it was an East Indian story never struck him; he thought it was about our own Indians. But a night editor saved Marion Crawford from being heralded next morning as "a brave Indian fighter, whose very modesty leads him to assume an utter ignorance of the crafty redskins whom he has described with so much fidelity in Doctor Isaacs."

A Literary Man in a Sky-Scraper

Winston Churchill, author of Richard Carvel, lives in St. Louis in the winter and in Vermont in the summer. His friends say that the story to the effect that he has named his summer home Carvel Hall is merely pleasant fiction.

Mr. Churchill, the literary man, is quite unlike most of his calling in the manner of his work. He has an office in one of the big downtown buildings of St. Louis. In it are a desk and a stenographer. The furniture is scant and the decorations anything but ornate.

In this office Mr. Churchill conducts his business much like any other man of affairs. Here he does much of his writing and here he dictates his letters, sees callers and otherwise pursues the duties of his profession. In the street below there runs a cable line on one side and an electric line on the other, while there is also the constant clatter and rattle of wagons.

The roar of a huge city's traffic thus assails his ears while he thinks and writes of a period in which traffic was neither so extensive nor so expeditious nor so noisy. Shortly after the noon hour, accompanied by a few friends, including a lawyer, a doctor and a merchant, he goes to a basement café in the heart of the city, where he leisurely eats a luncheon. By three o'clock he is again at his desk in the big building.

Horton's Story Cooked His Goose

George Horton, poet, novelist and ex-United States Consul to Athens, knows a compliment when he receives it and responds to it with an appreciation which has in it a touch of poetic justice.

Shortly after he returned from Athens and became literary editor of the Chicago Times-Herald he began the publication, in serial form, of The Fair Brigand, a stirring story of modern Grecian life. The author has a strong predilection for roast goose and one Saturday provided an extra fine fowl of this kind for his Sunday dinner. His appetite was well attuned to do justice to this favorite dish, and shortly before the fowl was to be served he was horrified to catch the odor of burning meat.

Instantly there was a rush to the kitchen, where the cook was found in tears and the goose burned almost to cinders. When the penitent domestic regained sufficient control of herself to speak she confessed that she had become so engrossed in a story that she had entirely forgotten the roasting fowl. In proof of the extenuating circumstances she drew from under her apron a paper containing Mr. Horton's serial.

A few quick questions established the fact that she had not noticed the name of the author. Before this discovery the dismissal of the cook had been a sealed verdict, but, in justice to the force and delicacy of the compliment thus paid Mr. Horton's powers as a narrator, the verdict was set aside, and the cook escaped with a warning that her literary tastes must thereafter be held in subjection until the family dinner was safe on the table.

Mr. Horton is one of the few modern writers who holds rigidly to the old-fashioned literary tradition of not submitting a manuscript save on special request. Fortunately, however, his work is sufficiently in request to keep him constantly busy. In the near future his latest story, The Unspeakable Turk, will be published simultaneously in England and America.

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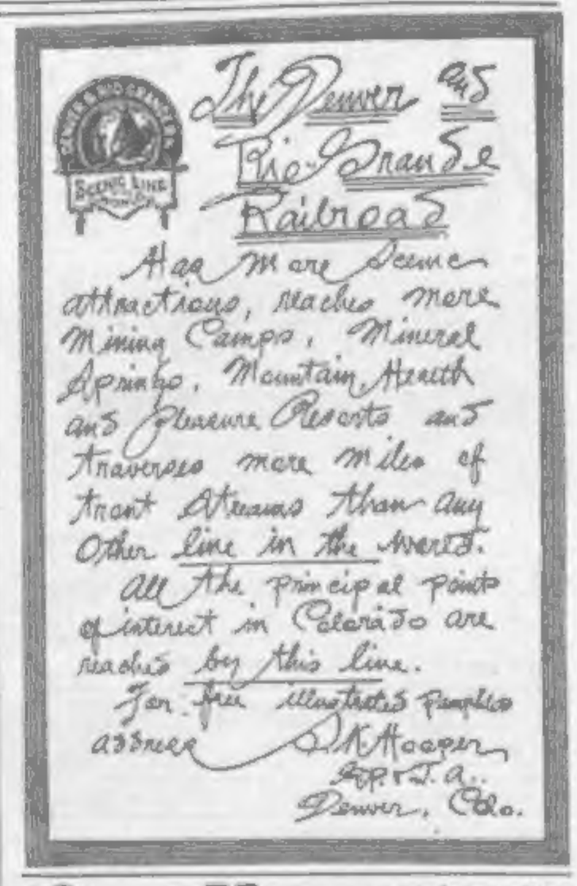
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